The Outlook

NOVEMBER 15, 1922

THE ELECTION

IN general the voters throughout the country on election day recorded their dissatisfaction with some of the policies and administrative methods of the Republican party.

Two years ago the Republican party went into power with a great sweep; but it has failed to do all that was expected of it by numerous groups of people. The very excess of the vote in 1920 made a sweep in the other direction almost inevitable. Such a swing of the pendulum almost always happens in the middle of a National Administration's term of office. In this case it has not taken the control of Congress from the Republicans, but it has reduced their majority in the House of Representatives from 169 (over two to one) to about 20.

Among the factors in this election not the least was that of personality. This is something that ought never to be lost sight of in a democracy. Probably the most interesting episode in the elections was due in large measure to this factor. The victory of "Al" Smith in the contest for the Governorship of New York State was the victory of a winning personality. A good many people make the mistake of thinking that personality in politics means a hand-shake; as a matter of fact, the plain people in America quickly distinguish between the man who seeks their votes by kissing their babies and the man who has real human interest in them. Alfred E. Smith thinks of political issues in the terms of human beings. This was illustrated when he was in the Legislature, as Mr. Davenport pointed out in an article in The Outlook over four years ago. When he considered such a measure as the bill for widows' pensions, he pictured to himself and to others the effect of such a bill on the woman who faces the danger of having her children taken away from her. He is a man who values the affection of the common people, but equally values the respect and approval of uncommon people, just as he is willing to incur and even invite the disapproval of men whose designs are sinister or whose methods he believes bad. Not a few, we believe, voted for "Al" Smith because they wanted to see overwhelming support given to the man who had routed Hearst and now has the opportunity of regenerating Tammany. Governor Miller's high-minded, efficient public service deserved approval. That it did not receive it in the form of the re-election of Governor Miller is mainly due to the personality of his opponent.

The factors in the general election cannot be analyzed fully at present, but some of them can be enumerated. Among them are discontent with the hodgepodge Fordney tariff; the grievances against the Government which many people, particularly farmers, have on account of their economic burden; the sense of injustice which was developed in many groups of people as a result of the Administration's handling of the coal and railway strikes; the sense of outrage on the part of veterans of the war because of the Administration's methods of dealing with the veterans' interests, and, in particular, their humiliation at the President's action in making his personal family physician a brigadier-general in virtual control of the veterans' interest without justification in Dr. Sawyer's record in the war or in public service or in his course since his appointment; and the fact that most of the dissatisfaction with prohibition worked against the Republicans.

So far as we can see, there is no evidence that views on the Administration's foreign policy—concerning, for example, the League of Nations, the Naval Treaty, the Near East, foreign debts, etc.—had any weight one way or the other. In Massachusetts Senator Lodge received a rebuke largely because of the feeling that he resorted to political prejudices in the electorate at the expense of loyalty to certain principles in which he was supposed to believe. In Indiana ex-Senator Beveridge received an adverse vote very largely because of the feeling on the part of many service men that Mr. Beveridge was lukewarm, if not actually pro-German, during all the early stages of the war.

In New Jersey the victory of Mr. Edwards for the Senatorship over Mr. Frelinghuysen is a definite victory for the anti-prohibitionists; but it is not purely such, for New Jersey was affected by the general dissatisfaction of the country with the Republican party.

Where Republicanism stood for progressive policies, even though it involved some radicalism, the sweep against the Republicans was checked. In Iowa Mr. Brookhart won a victory over his Democratic opponent because he had already led a revolt in his own party against standpatism; and in Pennsylvania Mr. Pinchot was elected Governor, not only as a Republican, but as an exponent of Rooseveltian progressivism.

At the same time where the Republican nominations had been captured by those who stood openly for policies regarded as Bolshevist the Republicans were defeated as soundly as when they stood for standpatism. Senator France, of Maryland, an apologist for the Bolsheviki of Russia, and ex-Governor Frazier, the Non-Partisan League and Republican candidate for Senator in North Dakota, alike met defeat.

On the whole, the people of the country have said to the Republican party: We made you steward two years ago. You have, however, presumed too much upon the confidence we then reposed in you. Take warning.

SECRETARY HUGHES ON AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY

IN an important political address at Boston shortly before the election campaign closed Secretary Hughes took occasion to tell clearly his conception of America's duty and limitation in foreign affairs. "Friendship for all nations, alliances with none" was the keynote. He strongly urged co-operation by America in the new International Court of Justice, in proper methods of furthering the public health of the world, and in the fight against commerce in narcotics and traffic in women and children. He would maintain American rights abroad, but by calm insistence rather than by threats.

But beyond such matters as these he deprecated interference in questions distinctively European, for, he declared, "the fundamental and pressing problems of Europe are political problems involv-

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ing national hopes and fears; deep-seated convictions as to national safety and opportunity; national ambitions, in some cases long cherished, in others recently awakened; established policies which have become postulates in the thought of peoples. Each nation is its own judge in such matters of policy and, whether acting in or out of groups, will follow its own interests save as some special exigency may control."

As to the new situation in the Near East, Secretary Hughes had already expressed his view of American duty by making public a paragraph from a private letter written by him in which he said: "I conceive it to be the duty of the country to continue to safeguard American lives and interests, to give succor to the destitute and oppressed, and exert our influence in the interest of peace, against cruelty and brutality, and for the proper protection of minorities. We shall not withhold any practical measures of mercy or threaten where we do not intend to execute." In the Boston address he took pains to point out that the terrible incidents of the Greek retreat through Anatolia should be borne in mind, even though they did not palliate the barbaric cruelty of the Turks in Smyrna, and he referred with pride to the fine relief work by American officers and American philanthropy. He repeated his assurances that everything possible and proper should be done to safeguard American citizens in Turkey, our institutions and commercial interests there, the freedom of the Straits, and the rights of minorities. But, as we declined to go to war with Turkey when we entered the Great War, despite the Turkish massacres in 1915, it is futile for Americans to talk of war when other countries are arranging peace. "At no time," he added, "has the Executive had any authority to plunge this country into war, even a holy war. I know there are those who think we should have threatened, even if we did not intend to make war. The Administration does not make threats which it does not purpose to carry out. The American people cannot afford a policy where the words spoken on their behalf do not mean all that is said. When we threaten we shall execute."

The Secretary of State will find the positions thus taken sustained by the large majority of sensible citizens.

A MAKE-BELIEVE IMPERIAL WEDDING

THE world at large is not deeply concerned over the questions of taste and feeling involved in the wedding of William Hohenzollern, nor is it much stirred by the discussion as to how far

Central News

THE SULTAN AWAITS THE END

the former Kaiser has by it alienated his family and the monarchical party in Germany. As a ruler of Germany William is, as Germans say, "*Kaput*," or, in our slang, "all in." If it is true, however, as cable despatches say, that at the wedding of William to the Princess Hermine of Reuss (a widow with five children) the bridegroom signed himself "Wilhelm II" and the bride was addressed as the Queen of Prussia, it would be a proper thing for the German Government to point out that no one has a right to those titles even by a stretch of courtesy. Prussia is now a component part of the Republic of Germany, and has no royalties. The empty grandiloquence of non-existent titles was merely one phase of the attempt to throw a false glamour of imperial grandeur over what is really a rather melancholy social event, particularly to those Germans who have deeply honored the devoted Kaiserin, who died only a year and a half ago.

Some amusement has been caused by the remark attributed to the Princess Hermine not long ago that the former Kaiser needed to be looked after. The general comment was, "Yes; he always did." If he had been wisely guided, for instance, he would not have put out his "Memoirs," for apart from their being a queer jumble of fact and fable, the general verdict is that they showed astonishing ignorance and lack of political and personal judgment. They differ widely from the book to which the former Crown Prince's name is attached, for that was in the writing at least moderate, quiet, and in good taste, however unsound in exposition of history it may be.

It has always been a question whether, in rough parlance, Wilhelm II was more a knave or a fool. Probably history will answer that he was a good deal of both. That he was a megalomaniac is sure; but, just as such a thing is recognized in criminal law as criminal insanity as seen in the perverted viciousness of a distorted mentality the possessor of which knows murder to be murder and yet commits the crime, so the former Kaiser cannot be excused because of his self-conceit from his large share of guilt in the colossal crime of the World War.

THE SULTAN'S GOVERNMENT DISPLACED

NOT content with declaring Mohammed VI deprived of the office of Sultan, to be regarded henceforth only as Caliph of the faithful, or of driving out his Ministers, including the Grand Vizier, Tewfik Pasha, the Angora Nationalists under Kemal declared through their representative in Constantinople, Rafet Pasha, that from noon on November 4 the administration of the Great National Assembly of Turkey was established in Constantinople.

This is premature, to say the least. The Allies still have armed forces in Constantinople, and, while they have agreed to all intents and purposes that Nationalist control over the city should be established, it would be only decent for the victorious Turkish army to await the sessions of the proposed peace conference at Lausanne before setting up their Turkish Republic. But when, as despatches of November 5 state, Hamid Bey, the military representative of the Angora Government, practically ordered Allied troops out, and in a note to the Entente demanded evacuation by the Allied forces, the Council of Allies promptly refused his demands as impertinent. They naturally resent the peremptory demand and are unwilling to leave Christians and Jews at the mercy of a Turkish army.

The Kemalist Turkish army may now be harmless and well conducted, and no doubt Greeks and other Balkan nations have been guilty of excesses, but in view

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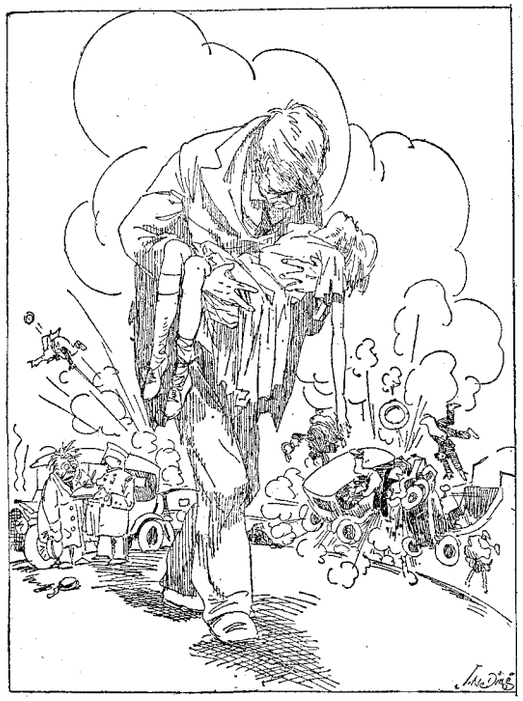
TOO LITTLE TO CONTEND

(Pericles, Act I, Scene 2)

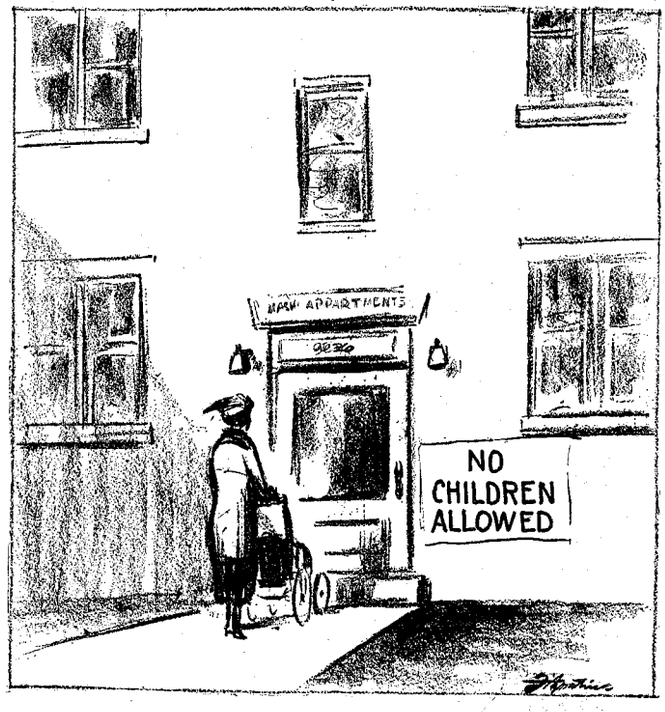
Darling in the Syracuse Post-Standard



WONDER IF THE TURKS AVERAGE WORSE THAN OUR IDIOT AUTOMOBILISTS

From D. Hill, Syracuse, N. Y.

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch



ANOTHER PARKING PROBLEM

From M. Hynes, St. Louis, Mo.

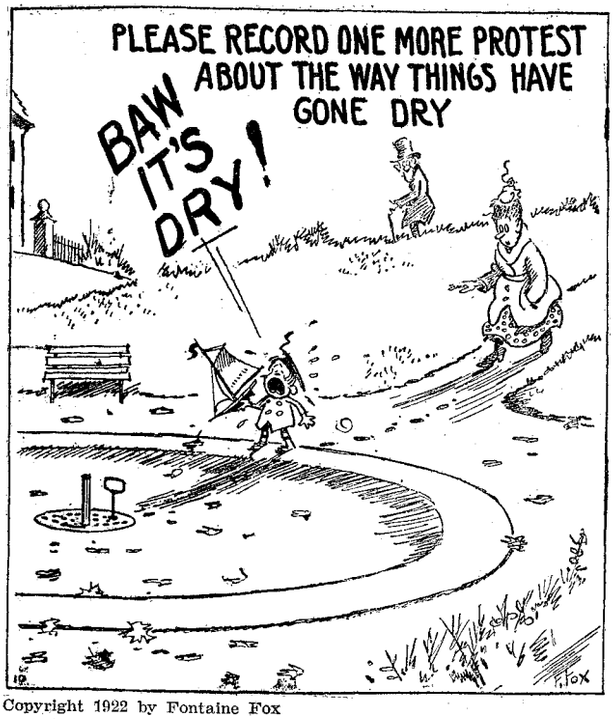
Johnson in the Dallas (Texas) Daily Times Herald

THERE THEY GO! IT'S THE JONES BABY!
THAT'S HIS DAD PUSHIN' THE COACH!
EXTREE!
UPON THE OCCASIONS OF HIS PUBLIC APPEARANCE THE FUTURE PRESIDENT WOULD BE ACCORDED DUE RECOGNITION—

IF DREAMS CAME TRUE

From Jack L. Baker, Cooper, Texas

Fontaine Fox in the Seattle Daily Times



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IN THE PARK

From Emil W. Zingg, Seattle, Washington

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of history, old and recent, the wretched non-Mohammedan people in Thrace do not await the coming of the Turks with calmness. An Associated Press despatch from Constantinople states that a new exodus of Christians has recently begun in Asia Minor, "apparently by order of the Angora Government," and that at least 200,000 people are deserting their homes. Probably Constantinople may be saved from atrocities, but the outer world will feel more comfortable in mind if French and British ships and troops are on guard.

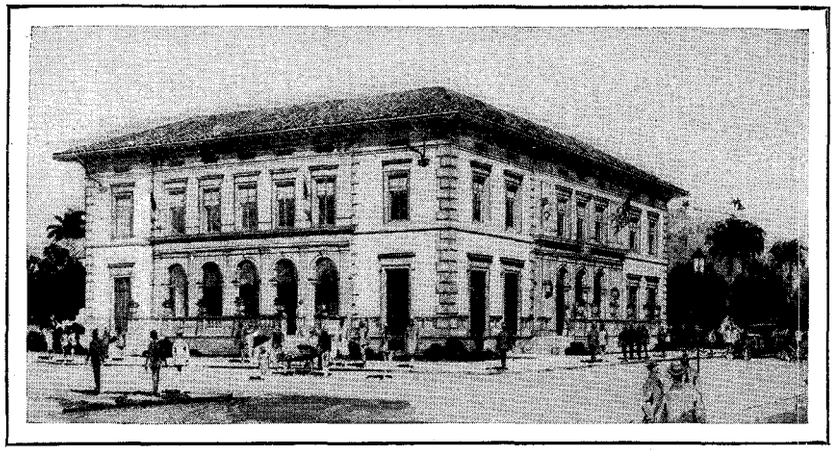
LABOR'S SETBACK IN ENGLAND

THE size of the Labor Party's representation in the next Parliament is an exceedingly important matter. If it is large enough to hold the balance of power when helped out by other members of radical or Socialistic views, then both Liberal and Conservative anti-George members may regret the break-up of their coalition. For this reason the falling off in the Labor vote at many municipal elections two weeks before the general election has excited lively discussion. The setback has been attributed to indifference, but more probably it is due to a feeling that the Labor leaders have gone too far in urging the nationalization of industries and a levy on capital to reduce municipal taxes. Other party leaders are urging their candidates not to make the mistake of underestimating the Labor vote on November 15. In the municipal elections Labor candidates lost in over half the contests; in London its membership in the councils or districts fell from 574 to 215. On the face of it the result seems to favor the Conservatives, and therefore there has been talk of possible union between the Asquithian and Lloyd Georgian Liberals.

The most notable event of the campaign up to a week before the election has been the address by the new Prime Minister before a woman's association in London. Mr. Bonar Law was urbane, quiet, and reasonable. He could not agree with those who looked upon the break-up of the Coalition as the death of a beautiful thing, and illustrated his view by a story so applied to the Coalition as to indicate that, however beautiful it may have been, it was now decidedly dead. He retorted on Lloyd George's question as to why the Conservatives thought he was all right to save England in wartime but not good enough to serve it in peace by the story of the wounded drummer in a hospital who thought it would do him good to beat his drum once more; they let him, and he got well, but the other patients died.

Bonar Law's speech elaborately worked out the theme that England requires rest, recuperation, and political harmony rather than sensationalism and dissension. Under Lloyd George's administration, he said, all felt, "We don't know where we are to-day and cannot tell where we shall be to-morrow." Stability and what Americans now call "normalcy" are his ambition.

Mr. Law's speech was notable for his expressions of friendship for England's allies in the war, and America as well as France was warmly greeted. Reversing the recent utterance attributed to Mr. Kipling, the Prime Minister said he considered that by entering the conflict the United States had gained her soul and lost her money.



THIS WILL BE THE AMERICAN-OWNED UNITED STATES EMBASSY AFTER THE BRAZIL EXPOSITION ENDS

Frank L. Packard, Architect; Dwight P. Robinson & Co., Inc., Constructors

AMERICAN HOMES FOR AMERICAN AMBASSADORS

FORTUNATELY, the time is passing when the oft-repeated bit of fun about Joseph H. Choate when he was American Ambassador to England is applicable everywhere. The story relates that Mr. Choate was accosted by a London policeman on a wet, windy night. "I say," demanded the Bobby, "what are you doing out this beastly night? Better go home." "I have no home," said Choate. "I am the American Ambassador."

American embassies, "as itinerant as a house-boat," to use the characterization of General Horace Porter, former Ambassador to France, are gradually being displaced by "little White Houses" in the capitals of the world. The change from the old haphazard policy of turning new envoys loose in strange cities, subject to the rapacity of landlords and real estate agents, is added evidence of the discovery of a "new diplomacy." Incidentally, it indicates relief from the peculiar condition of a democracy necessarily choosing its representatives from the wealthy.

The latest and most impressive addition to the American diplomatic ménage is the Embassy building recently completed in Rio de Janeiro. It is now serving as the United States Government Building at the Brazilian Centennial Exposition, and is used for the reception of visitors and the showing of educational exhibits. With the close of the Exposition it will become the official headquarters of the United States in Brazil and the home of the American Ambassador.

This is the third building operation of the kind the Government has attempted. The Legation in Peking was completed in 1906, at a total cost of $180,000 for grounds, building, and equipment. The cost of the building and improvement of grounds at San Salvador, to be completed this year, will be $60,000. The Brazilian building cost $300,000.

The United States first invested in real estate in a foreign capital in 1884, when a legation building was purchased in Siam. In 1920 these premises were exchanged with the Government of Siam for other quarters in a more desirable section of Bangkok. In 1891 an official residence was purchased in Morocco; in Japan, 1896; in Turkey, 1907; and in Cuba and Panama, 1916. An Embassy building was recently purchased in Chile, and on May 22, 1922, the deeds transferring the home in London donated by J. P. Morgan to the Department of State for Embassy uses were formally executed.

The Government, therefore, at this time owns quarters in ten capitals out of forty-seven in which diplomatic representatives are normally maintained. An embassy is owned in only one European capital, London. Economy can hardly be pleaded as justification for the embassy grounds of other governments in London, Paris, Berlin, Washington, and other centers of government have increased enormously in value,

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putting them in the class of profitable investments.

The new Embassy building at Rio de Janeiro is located on Guanabara Bay directly opposite the harbor entrance with its towering promontories, one of which rises out of the water to a height of 1,200 feet, and this has the most commanding, as well as convenient, location imaginable. Stately, harmonious, adapted to the climate and conditions prevailing in the warmer American countries, it will fittingly house the headquarters of the great North American Republic in the largest Republic in South America.

The building is designed in the Portuguese colonial style, adapted to the Brazilian mode. It is constructed of granite and reinforced concrete, with finishings of tile and Portuguese marble, and roofed with mottled colored tile. The walls inclose a *patio* with a fountain and tropical garden, surrounded on three sides by large arched openings and on the fourth by the main staircase. All the rooms open on the cloisters surrounding the *patio*.

IN MEMORY OF LYMAN ABBOTT

JUST a week after his death Lyman Abbott's neighbors in Cornwall-on-Hudson, where he had made his home for over fifty years, gathered in the church nearest his home in the village to express their affection for him. The memorial service was conducted by ministers of various denominations. The Rev. H. R. Fraser, of Monticello, New York, formerly pastor of the church and Dr. Abbott's nearest neighbor, drew in simple words a picture of the friendliness of Lyman Abbott which his hearers will not soon forget. After the service Dr. Abbott's fellow-townspeople lingered in and about the church, greeting one another as they would at any other neighborly occasion. It was just such a community gathering as he himself had often taken part in. The service might well have been the celebration of his birthday in his absence. No greater tribute could be paid to Dr. Abbott's serene faith than the understanding spirit shown by the people among whom he had lived.

Memorial services were held in many other places. Only a few of these can be mentioned. That in Terre Haute, Indiana, should be recorded because it was there that Lyman Abbott went to take up for the first time his duties as a minister, and it was there that he lived during the Civil War in a community which was divided in its sympathies between North and South. In the church which he then served the Rev. J. W. Herring, the present minister, recalled the service that Lyman Abbott had rendered in those critical days when "he sacrificed himself and taught others to sacrifice popularity where the choice had to be made between popularity and conscience." Mr. Herring said in conclusion: "May we, as a church, never shrink from the level of his courage; may our eyes never waver from the clarity of his vision; may our spirits never lose the sincere generosity of his spirit, a spirit that could fight without hating and love without compromising."

Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, where Dr. Abbott preached for eleven and one-half years, was of course the scene of notable memorials. Not only his former parishioners but also a great number of ministers gathered in that historic building to testify by their presence to their affection and respect for Dr. Abbott's memory.

Such memorial meetings as those at Cornell, Terre Haute, and Brooklyn were in true accord with Dr. Abbott's wishes and spirit. It was not only in consequence of the spontaneous wish of those closest to him, but in accord with his own expressed desire, that there was no public funeral. The immediate public commemoration of his passing took the form of a service held at the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin is pastor. This church was near Dr. Abbott's New York home, and in the last years of his life he had frequently spoken from its pulpit. This service at Dr. Coffin's church on Tuesday evening, October 31, was attended by the friends and coworkers of Dr. Abbott. David Mannes, an intimate friend, played three violin solos. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Plymouth Church, Dr. Karl Reiland, rector of St. George's Episcopal Church, and Dr. Coffin were the speakers.

"Lyman Abbott," said Dr. Hillis, "was the man that changed the thinking of the younger preachers of the country by reconciling the old view with the new and teaching us the immanence of God, his daily presence."

Dr. Reiland said: "We have and have had and will continue to have particular churchmen, but, except Dr. Abbott, I cannot think of any one who might justly be called a general churchman, for I believe that most of all he belonged to the church of God in Jesus Christ."

Dr. Coffin spoke of Dr. Abbott as follows: "Estimated by the number of persons whom he reached by voice and pen annually for more than half a century, and by the effect of his words in holding their thought and life, Dr. Abbott was unquestionably the greatest teacher of religion in this country, in this generation. . . . I have looked through a number of Dr. Abbott's volumes, and this comes to me as a constant impression: that he looked upon the living God as a companion. It is a phrase which recurs again and again and again. To that Companion he prayed; of that Companion he spoke as one whom he knew from intimate experience; to that Companion's comradeship he gave himself; and to that Companion's enduring companionship he looked expectantly forth. . . . 'And when even was come, Jesus said, Let us now go over unto the other side.'"

THE BIBLE IN CALIFORNIA

IF a newspaper despatch printed as special to the New York "Times" and also to the "World" is to be believed, a California Court has rendered a decision excluding the King James Version of the Bible from the public schools of the State on the ground that it is a book of sectarian character.

We do not know whether this decision is final. If it is, it practically deprives the great mass of the children of California from learning to appreciate, not only one of the great world literatures, but also one of the classics of the English tongue.

If a court should raise a barrier against all study or reading of the literature of the Romans or the Greeks in our public schools, it would be regarded by educators as a calamity. It is no less a calamity for a court virtually to bar from the public schools all study or reading of the equally great literature of the Hebrews. And that is what the Court does, for to the pupils in our public schools the literature of the Hebrews is available only in English, and the opinion of the Court is clearly such as to bar any translation of the Bible. "Controversies," says the Court, according to the newspaper report, "have been waged for centuries over the authenticity of the various translations of the Bible, each sect insisting that its version is the only inspired book." It is this opposition on the part of literalists to translations not receiving their own sanction which, in the opinion of the Court, renders the King James Version objectionable, and must render equally objectionable of course every other version.

If the arguments of those who assert that the literature of the Hebrews was infallibly dictated to infallible amanuenses and was infallibly preserved and finally was infallibly translated are accepted in law at their face value, and yet those who argue thus cannot agree among themselves which portions of that literature were infallibly preserved

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and which translations were infallibly made, it is manifestly impossible for any court to sanction the use of a translation without becoming the partisan of the sect whose translation is sanctioned. If the assumptions of the literalists are true, either there must be a union of Church and State in its subtlest form—through the courts of justice—or the Bible must be excluded from the public school, or the public school must be abandoned in favor of schools supported by the several denominations. Of these alternatives the Court has chosen the exclusion of the Bible. Thus some of the most ardent advocates of the reading of the Bible have defeated their own ends.

It was, however, not necessary for the Court to accept these arguments at their face value. In rendering the decision the judges were not concerned with a question of law, but with an interpretation of fact. In the opinion it is categorically asserted:

> The sole question for determination was whether the King James Version of the Bible was a sectarian or denominational book.

From the responsibility for deciding that question the judges cannot escape by pleading that they were bound by the law. As they have stated it themselves the question is not one of law. It is a question as to their own knowledge of literature and life.

What are the facts?

The Bible is, in the first place, an ancient literature incomparable in the majesty of its survey of life from primitive days to the beginning of the present era, in its insight into the heart of man, in the elevation of its imaginative flights into spiritual realms, in the conciseness of its words of wisdom, in the simplicity of its greatest narratives. In the variety of its literary forms it is not surpassed by any literature, ancient or modern. In nice perfection of form nothing in the literature of the Greeks exceeds the Song of Songs or the idyll of Ruth. In literary structure not one of the tragedies of the Greek dramatists or the works of Shakespeare overtops the Book of Job. To describe a literature like that in any approximately adequate translation as a "sectarian book" is to reveal a view of life as well as of literature totally inadequate for the decision of great questions such as confront the American people.

In the second place, the King James Version of the Bible is not merely a translation of this great ancient literature; it is itself one of the masterpieces of literature in the English language. Its very phrases have become imbedded in the writings of English-using authors for generations. If the King James Version were destroyed as a separate body of writing, it would nevertheless continue to live as a part of the living organism of English literature. To it men of all faiths and of no faith have resorted as a model of style, as a vast and inexhaustible treasury of language, as a refreshing and pure fountain of thought. Acquaintance with this classic of their speech is not only a privilege from which Americans should not be excluded; it is a right on which they should insist for themselves and their children.

We deplore this decision of the California Court, not only because it denies this right to thousands of California children, but because it shows what other decisions of other courts have shown—that in too many instances American judges do not know life.

THE IGNOBLE PRIZE

IN the current issue of "Scribner's Magazine" William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, makes a delightfully whimsical suggestion:

> In addition to founding the Fano Club, I have established what I call the Ignoble Prize; for which any one is at liberty to suggest the names of candidates. In order to be eligible for the Ignoble Prize, the thing—whether book or musical composition or building or painting—must have a high reputation, be commonly regarded as a masterpiece, and yet to the individual who submits it be lacking both in interest and appeal. Not for a moment would the works of a popular author with no true fame be accepted; the prime condition is that the object suggested must be both famous and respectable, so that the person suggesting it is in danger of damnation, which gives the game a particular little thrill of its own. Having more audacity than fear, I suggest the Plain Tower of Chartres Cathedral, Raphael's "Transfiguration," Meyerbeer's "Huguenots," Thackeray's "Newcomes," and Dickens's "Little Dorrit" and "Tale of Two Cities." I admit that such a list is enough to take one's breath away; but for some reason, not one of these masterpieces has ever impressed me as the critics say it should. Does any one else dare speak his mind? The interior of Chartres is to me the most sublime interior in the world. But I have looked at that plain tower from every angle, trying conscientiously to see why the critics fall down and worship it. To me it is just a church steeple, matched a hundred times in Ohio or Indiana.

The undersigned dares make application for membership. He has never been able to read Dante. There are lines and metaphors and similes and detached ideas to which Dante has given expression that are, of course, beautiful and appealing. But as for taking a volume of Dante's poems down from the shelf for unconscientious and spontaneous refreshment and beauty, as one takes down Calverley's "Theocritus," or Keats or Browning, or Montaigne, or James Howell's Letters, or three or four of the sonnets of Shakespeare, or three or four of the Psalms ascribed to David, or even the intricate but somewhat mysteriously appealing verses of Emily Dickinson—he simply cannot do it.

This is a terribly ignoble confession, no doubt—its ignobility being emphasized perhaps by the profane venturesomeness of coupling the name of the Yankee spinster and recluse, Emily Dickinson, with that of the great and immortal Italian philosopher and poet. But it certainly is not any more ignoble than for a university professor like Mr. Phelps to expose himself publicly as enjoying any one of a hundred Indiana church steeples as much as the Plain Tower of Chartres.

After all, I suspect that under the form of whimsy Mr. Phelps is trying to startle us all into thinking of the truth that there is no universal, mathematical standard of beauty. This truth has been expressed for generations and generations by homely proverbs such as, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," "*Chacun a son gout*," "*De gustibus non disputandum*." If one can take beauty in one form, he is not to be condemned because some other form of beauty does not appeal to him.

There is, really, only one general universal concept of beauty, and to that concept the poet Keats has given expression in his unforgetable "Beauty is truth; truth, beauty—that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

The great beauty of Mr. Phelps's Ignoble Prize is that it is designed to develop truthfulness. Let us hope that aspirants for this prize will not mistake cleverness for truth. This mistake has brought a good many current writers to grief—Margot Asquith, for example.

L. F. A.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

WHEN President Wilson made Thomas Nelson Page American Ambassador to Italy, the general feeling was that the selection was made partly because Mr. Page was a typical Southern gentleman, a Virginian and a Democrat, and partly because of his contributions to American literature. The choice of distinguished American writers to represent their country abroad has yielded several notable successes; conspicuous among these author-diplomats are James Russell Lowell and Walter H. Page; the services of Thomas Nelson Page, if not quite as important

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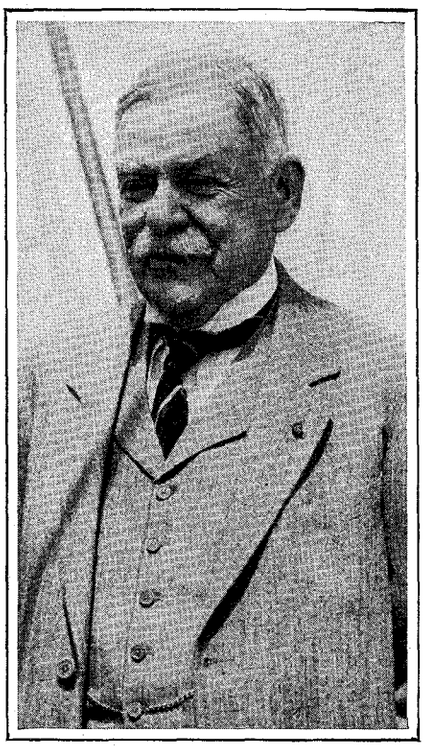
as those of these two brilliant examples, were valuable and substantial.

But in fact Mr. Page was more interested in public affairs and in history than many of the readers of his delightful stories knew. In proof of this may be cited his biography of Robert E. Lee, his books called "The Negro—the Southerner's Problem" and the "Old Dominion," his excellent article on "Jamestown and Civil Liberty" (published in this journal at the time of the Jamestown Centenary), and many special articles and essays. One valuable outcome of his Ambassadorship was the publication last year of his book on "Italy and the World War," of which Mr. Gino Speranza in an elaborate review in The Outlook said: "It is a book wherein restraint, a high sense of loyalty, and a passion for fairness are evident in every chapter."

Only Mr. Page's intimates know how strenuously and faithfully he carried on the heavy and responsible war work at his post, to the detriment of his own health and to a physical reaction that led to his official retirement and perhaps to his recent death, at the age of sixty-nine, at his ancestral Virginian home.

The natural bent of the genius of Thomas Nelson Page was toward the short story. We recall two full-fledged novels, "Gordon Keith" and "Red Rock," but, while these are true yet romantic pictures of Virginia social life perhaps twenty years after the Civil War, they do not have the appeal of his short stories of the old régime, and of these the titles that recur to mind at once are "Marse Chan," "Unc' Edinburg," and "Meh Lady." One minor but yet essential trait of Page's stories of Southern life was that he knew how to write Negro dialect. Together with Joel Chandler Harris and H. S. Edwards, Page revolutionized the stiff, absurd, unmusical dialect attributed to the colored people by earlier story-tellers and playwrights and reproduced the real talk of the Negroes with its softness, richness, and simple humor.

Mr. Page's enduring reputation as a writer will rest on the short stories named above. They belong to American literature. Of them, and of him, we may repeat what we said fifteen years ago: A Virginian of the Virginians, he has been the secretary and recorder of a form of social life which had the charm of lavish hospitality, of gracious manners, of a generous habit of life, and of a keen sense of personal dignity. Of that old order there are no more charming reports than "Meh Lady" and "Mars Chan," nor are these unaffected and deeply human interpretations of a vanished social order likely to be surpassed in the future. They give one that sense



International

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

of finality which comes only from those things which are so adequately done that the imagination rests content in them.

FASCISTI TRIUMPHANT

SUPPOSE the young Americans who served overseas returned home to find America in chaos. Suppose they saw the men who stayed at home engaged in overturning the safeguards of American liberty. Suppose they saw the factories and the other means of production paralyzed by a combination of theorists and robbers. Suppose they saw that men who had escaped service in the trenches and on sea-washed decks were engaged in an attempt to line their own pockets at the cost of the country. Suppose they found rich profiteers escaping taxation while the mass of the people were paying in taxes at least one-quarter of their income. Suppose they found their country facing the appalling calamity of a general strike. Suppose they saw the Government at the worst cowardly and at the best powerless in the face of the situation. Suppose they found politicians taking advantage of the disorder to build up a mighty force of office-holders to whom they could give jobs in return for political support to their own ambitions. Suppose they found the railways and the other public utilities under the burden of this bureaucratic body of office-holders breaking down. Suppose they found that thus the Government, instead of being a safeguard and a protection, had become a means for exploiting the Nation. Suppose they found that the strong men in power were bargaining for their own advantage and the men of good intention were either weak by nature or weakened by circumstance. Suppose they saw their country engaged in foreign adventures which at their best the country, thus weakened, was ill prepared for and which in no case was the Government willing to follow to their conclusion. And then suppose that these veterans, organized as the American Legion is organized, but devoted, not to their own advancement, not for any bonus for themselves, not for the glorification of their own past deeds, but for the salvation of the country from disaster, had proceeded to take matters in their own hands; had organized vigilance committees; had rejected with contempt the idea of acting in secrecy, or under cover of darkness, or in disguise, but had, on the contrary, adopted for themselves a public symbol of orderly government derived from the traditions of the race, such as the speaker's mace in the House of Commons, and had adopted some distinctive mark of dress by which they could be recognized as legionaries everywhere. Suppose they had devised for themselves signals by which any number of them in a neighborhood could be summoned in an instant like the Minute-Men of Massachusetts. Suppose they had gone systematically to work to fight openly the disruptive elements in society. Suppose that when the general strike came they rushed to the public service, manned the abandoned trains, peopled the deserted factories with workers, and kept circulating the Nation's life-blood. Suppose these legionaries, having scattered the organized groups of chaos-makers, and having renewed the courage of the people to turn to productive industry without fear of intimidation, turned themselves to the renewal of the Government. Suppose in State after State they got political control and finally secured a majority in Congress and placed their leader in the White House.

That is something that could never happen precisely in that way in the United States, because the vastness of the country, the temper of the people, and the nature of American institutions are sufficient to prevent, not only the application of such remedies for social and political ills, but even such a situation from arising. Nevertheless it is by imagining such an event happening in America that Americans perhaps may understand what has happened in Italy.

Most of the Fascisti are young; and those that are not young in years have the spirit of youth. Sometimes it is thought that youth is radical; but here

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is an example of youth acting with vigor and initiative in a spirit which is in the broadest sense conservative. It is because these men and women had suffered in the war to preserve the fruits of Italian liberation that when peace came they were willing to continue to suffer and serve to preserve them.

In order to understand what has happened in Italy we in America must remember that the Italian background is different from ours. As a free nation Italy is very young, much younger than the United States. The people of Italy have welded for themselves fragmentary states into a comparatively new nation. This people, or rather this group of peoples, have no long experience in governing themselves. In this respect they are like most of their neighbors on the Continent of Europe. Their history has been made, not by repeated appeals to the ballot, as ours has been, but by appeals to the bayonet. To us it would be a strange and fearful thing to have to resort to direct action; but to the peoples of Europe, and in particular to the people of Italy, in whose memory are still fresh such figures as those of Metternich and Napoleon III as enemies of their liberty, the natural thing is to turn to direct action as a means of release against wrong. What has happened in

(C) Keystone

BENITO MUSSOLINI, LEADER OF THE FASCISTI

Italy is in essence a normal revolution. That is why it is not strange that the Fascisti come into power with the approval, not only of the people as a whole, but of leaders in their army and their navy, and, most significant of all, of their King.

The week that has passed since Mr. Roselli wrote his article which appeared in the last issue of The Outlook has seen the fulfillment of what was there predicted. The Fascisti have marched upon Rome; Mussolini, their leader, has, at the request of the King—a request which he could not refuse—taken up the reins of government. He has formed a Cabinet of youth. It is also a Cabinet of inexperience in political management, but it represents, not only the Fascista movement as such, but other elements in the nation that are sympathetic with the object that the Fascisti have set before them. Mussolini has announced his policy in foreign relations as "not a policy of adventure, but one of friendship to those nations displaying friendship for us," and his policy in internal affairs as "one of strict economy, discipline, and the restoration of our finances."

We repeat the hope that Mr. Roselli expressed last week—that the Fascisti will not allow themselves to become permanently a political party, but that, as soon as they have reorganized the Government, they will withdraw and remain a moral force holding all political parties to account.

THE FRANCO-BRITISH RELATIONS AND THE NEAR EAST

BY RAYMOND RECOULY

A FEW days after the Treaty of Sèvres was signed I called on Marshal Foch and asked his opinion on the subject.

"It is quite good," he answered, "but on the condition that 300,000 French and English bayonets be sent at once over there to enforce its execution."

Since France and England had neither the means nor the will to send those forces to the East, the Treaty of Sèvres could not be, and never was, enforced.

That sums up the whole story of this unpleasant Eastern affair.

It was not a matter of sympathy or artificiality. It was only a question of power and facts. That is what both English and French had forgotten from the beginning.

The French were the first to realize their mistake, for the only reason that during many months they had had to fight the Turks in Galicia, without the hope of any benefit whatsoever. When they had fought long enough, when they had come to the conclusion that the absurd struggle had lasted sufficiently, they hastened to make peace with the Turks, who immediately made ready to turn on the Greeks.

The English were highly displeased with this Franco-Turkish Agreement and strongly blamed the French for it. The latter answered that they neither could nor wanted to fight the Turks; the only way left to them was to make peace. This answer, though logical and full of good sense, did not satisfy the English.

For he does not know the English who thinks that a logical argument, however strong, can influence them! It is difficult to conceive their contempt for logic and reason when applied to politics. France's readiness to mix up logic with politics or diplomacy seems very extravagant to them. Facts alone appear to them to be of any importance.

Well, facts have just shown the English that the French were right about the Eastern question. Then only have they yielded to necessity. They have at last accepted the solution which France had proposed; that is, give back to the Turks Asia Minor, Constantinople, and Thrace.

The great British plan was to use the Greeks against the Turks in order to push them back into Asia. Unfortunately, the Greeks were not in a position to fill the part, especially if it were to last a long time. The burden placed upon their shoulders was too much for them to bear; they were completely crushed by it.

A glance at a map will suffice to show that the Greek army could not possibly maintain itself so far from its base, on the far advanced positions that its chiefs—the civil more than the military ones—had been foolish enough to choose.

Twelve years ago I traveled all over that country during a journey in Asia Minor from Smyrna to Koniah, the old capital of the Turks, through Afiaoun-Karaissar and back to Constantinople.

One has scarcely left the coast, crowded with Greek villages and redolent of Greek memories, when the railway climbs three thousand feet through endless windings to the highlands, which appear to the traveler as a land of desolation and death. No civilization, no fields, scarcely any villages. From place to place a few meager fields which just enable the few inhabitants to stave off starvation. A Turkish shepherd clad in his big coat made of rigid felt reaching to the ground, with a hole for the

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head, may be seen watching his flock grazing amid the rocks.

It was a pure folly to maintain a big army so far from its base. All faults and follies have to be accounted for. As this one was most serious, its consequences were therefore terrible.

If only the Greek divisions had been content to protect Smyrna and the near "hinterland"! Backed by strong and well-fortified works, they might perhaps have held their own for a while; they might have stopped the Turks, thus giving the diplomats and statesmen time to arrange for the evacuation of Smyrna in exchange for serious advantages; for instance, a kind of autonomy for the city, under the control of the Great Powers, the protection of the Greek minorities, etc.

But sooner or later the Greek army would have had to give up Smyrna. Sooner or later we should have been forced to negotiate with the Turks. The pity of it all is that we should have waited so long.

The opposition between French and English politics has greatly contributed to increase the difficulties of the Eastern problem; it has greatly delayed its solution.

Who is responsible for this inopportune opposition? Both, without any doubt. In Paris as in London both Governments could plead guilty.

Immediately after the armistice M. Clemenceau, who never took much interest in Eastern affairs, gave the English the impression that France would not be very pressing in her demands on the East, more particularly as to Syria. The English were not long in drawing their own conclusions. Circumstances having given them a high hand over the situation, they immediately let loose all their ambitions, and gave the direction of their Eastern policy into the hands of sub-agents whose only aim was to undermine French influence at any cost.

It was the Golden Age of the Pan-Arabic dreams, with all its delusions and all its extravagance. An Oxford professor, metamorphosed into a colonel, the famous Lawrence, gave free vent to his adventurous conceptions, without any regard for the reality of things. He built up chimeric empires for his country over whose destinies the Emir Faisal and his brother Abdallah, the Bedouin Ringlets, sprung from the depths of the Arabian desert, were to preside for the greater good of England. Add to this Lloyd George's distinctly anti-Turkish and pro-Greek disposition of mind.

When one analyzes this policy and tries to discover its chief reasons, one finds a number of elements derived from various origins; foremost, undoubtedly, financial influence, which Lloyd George has always willingly obeyed; then remnants of liberal politics, the anti-Turkish tendency of the old Gladstonian doctrine; the imperialistic idea of utilizing circumstances definitely to grab Constantinople and the Straits.

All these elements combined have conduced to warp British policy and hide from the British the great Mohammedan interests that are in the charge of England.

Lloyd George stubbornly maintained his views, just as he did in regard to Russia. It was all in vain that part of the British public, the Foreign Office, and those of the Colonial Office still more, opposed him, showing him the breakers ahead. He was deaf to all, until the day of awakening when he had to yield to hard facts.

Happily, the English are great opportunists, the greatest in the world; they always surrender to facts. Lord Curzon accepted an agreement in Paris which a few weeks previously would have made his hair stand on end.

The concessions made by England—and one must insist on the point—are most important. In order to come back to the road of moderation and good sense the British Government had to go very far!

Thanks to the force of facts, much more than to human will power, France and England have at last come to an agreement over the essential points of the Eastern problem. Many still remain to be solved. Serious differences of opinion may still arise as regards the capitulation, the care of the minorities, the Straits, etc. But what is still to be done is of far less importance than that which has already been accomplished.

It now remains to develop the results already obtained. It was with the Eastern as much as with the reparations question that France and England had conflicting interests. On the former of those questions their interests are now, on the whole, reconciled. Both Governments owe it to themselves and their peoples, whose only wish is to be united, faithfully to try to settle their divergences on the latter also.

The statesmen have been far more to blame over this matter than the public. For on either side of the Channel the almost totality of the country has a distinct feeling that any Franco-British quarrel would not fail to bring about quickly disastrous consequences. Unfortunately, both Governments, instead of forestalling differences, or at least settling them as soon as they arose, have let them multiply. It is not surprising that under such conditions the evil grew.

One point still remains obscure; it is the one dealing with the relations between the Angora Government and the Soviets. What are those relations? What is the exact influence the Bolsheviks have over the Turks?

The Soviet Government has made a noisy and unexpected irruption in the Eastern negotiations. It has expressed the desire not to be left out, and wants to take part in all discussions. Thus, to use a popular expression, we see Lenine stepping into the Czar's shoes! It is not the first time, however, that we have witnessed such a thing.

This Sovietic "Bat"—certainly far less pleasant to look at than the one that was shown us by Russian artists—alternately shows its paws and its wings. According to circumstances, it calls itself a bird or a mouse! Sometimes it says that there should be no boundaries, and that the old diplomatic methods should be abandoned. At other times, on the contrary, it appears more imperialistic and more jingoist than the Ministers, generals, and diplomats of the Czar ever proved to be.

That Russia holds a high interest in the settlement of the Constantinople and Straits question cannot be denied.

Any decision taken without consulting her runs the risk of being merely a provisional one.

But one may well ask to what extent is Lenine's Government, considering its origin and tendencies, qualified to speak in the name of the whole of Russia and to pledge her signature. This signature, even supposing it were given, might very easily be disavowed by its successor, when eventually there will be one.

With regard to the near East, the French thesis has prevailed. And now that the French and English Cabinets have come to an understanding, the opportunity should be seized for tackling the big question of reparations and trying to reach an agreement over it.

The two points of view are certainly divergent. But so it was with the Eastern problem. Public opinion in France as well as in England welcomed with a sigh of relief the news that both Governments, after many vicissitudes, many efforts, had at last come to an understanding. Its joy would be tenfold if an understanding could be reached over the reparations question. There will be need for concessions on both sides; but in both countries all reasonable men realize that, and are ready to do their bit.

I have just returned from a two months' stay in the United States. I have talked to a great many people—business men, political men, journalists, diplomats—about the reparations question. I am under the impression, from what I could gather from these conversations, that the United States will not do anything in the matter until it is shown a programme of Franco-British co-operation. As long as France and England go on pulling asunder, the United States has decided to stand aloof. It has no wish at all to mix up in a family quarrel, which, viewed from so far off, seems unreasonable and ridiculous. But when France and England present the United States with a complete programme, drawn up by both parties, asking for their support, the majority of Americans will not sanction their Government's standing aloof. They will bring pressure to bear upon it, and the latter will promptly have to yield. For in no country in the world are the political men more easily swayed by public opinion.

Paris, France.

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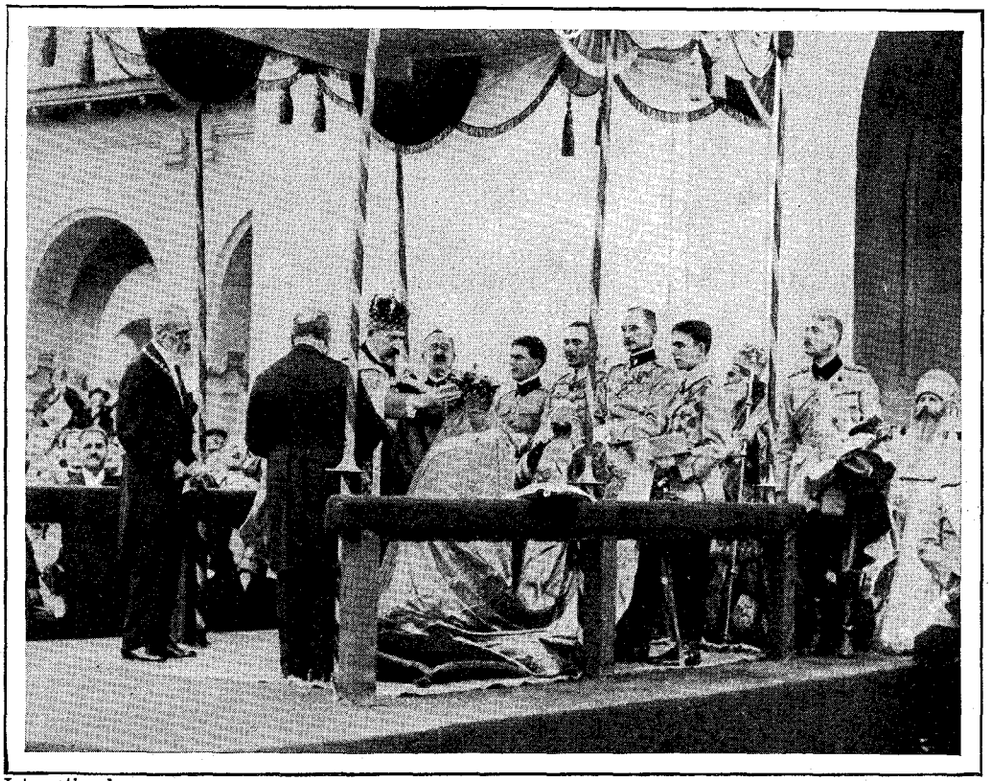
WHICH JOB WOULD



International

A PICTURESQUE CEREMONY—THE CROWNING OF RUMANIA'S RULERS

King Ferdinand and his Queen were crowned on October 15 as rulers of the little Balkan Kingdom of Rumania amid mediæval scenes of solemn splendor. The photograph shows the King, after being crowned, placing the symbol of royalty on the head of Queen Marie. The ceremony was postponed eight years, it is said, on account of the war

International

THE PROCESSION OF PRIESTS, IN THEIR OFFICIAL ROBES, AT THE CEREMONIES ACCOMPANYING THE CROWNING OF THE KING AND QUEEN

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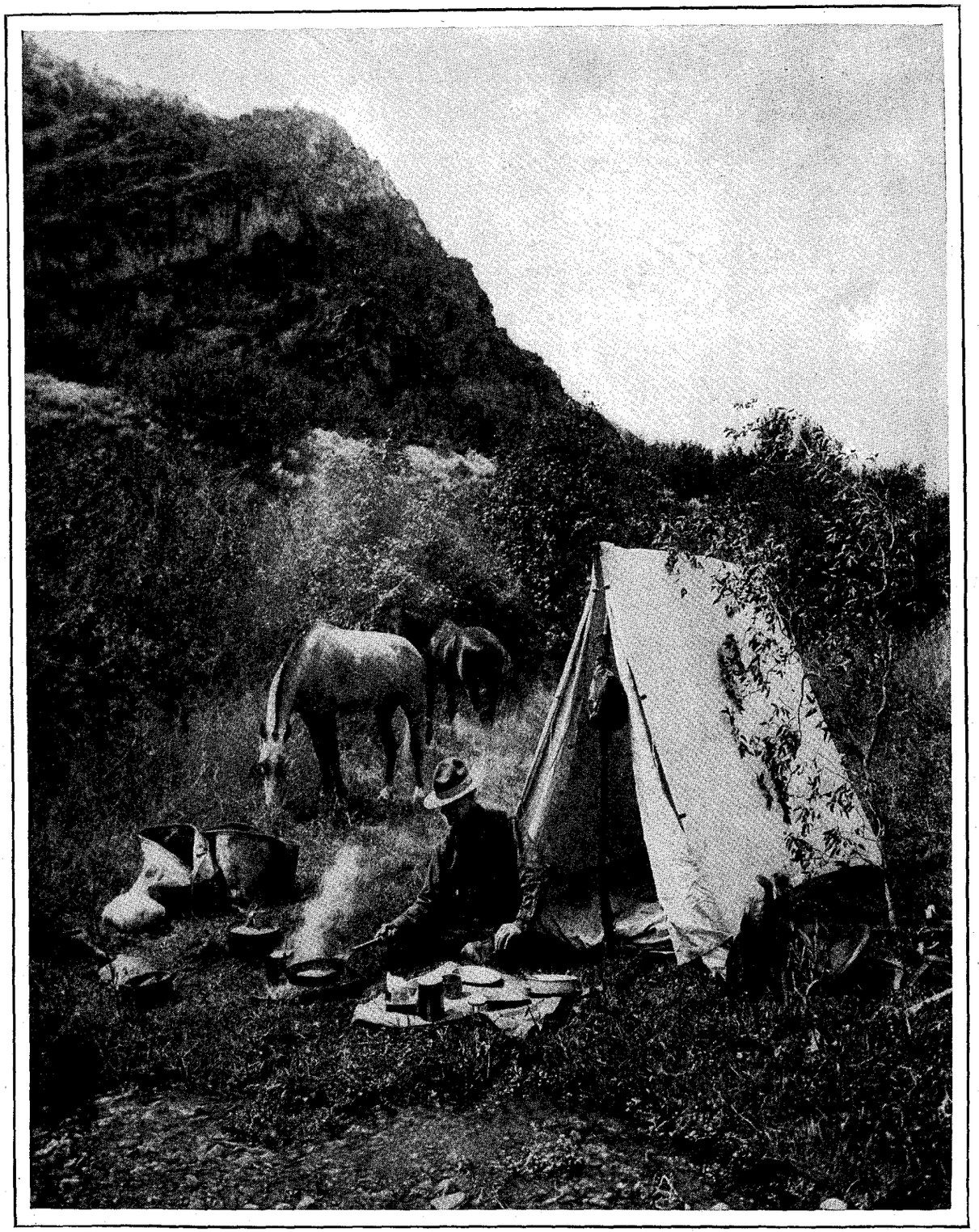
YOU PREFER TO HAVE?



Underwood

A FOREST RANGER OF THE UNITED STATES FOREST SERVICE MAKING CAMP FAR FROM HEADQUARTERS

One essential qualification of all Forest officers is the ability to take care of themselves in the woods. The Ranger in the photograph seems to be an adept in the art, and, having seen to his horses, is now preparing a good meal for himself

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THE FESTAL DAY—SO CALLED

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

Courtesy of Community Service, New York

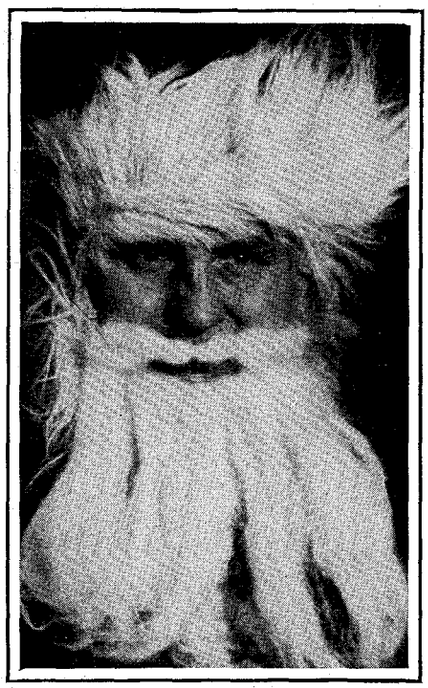
"GEORGE WASHINGTON TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE," A SCENE FROM THE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY PAGEANT GIVEN BY THE HISTORY CLUB OF NEW YORK AND NEW YORK COMMUNITY SERVICE, AT THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

AT twenty minutes past two on every American holiday some one looks up and says, "Doesn't this seem like Sunday?"

After all our preparations—the marketing ahead, the stocking up with cigars, the study of weather forecasts and revised time-tables, the sending of picture post-cards, the wondering if our firm will keep open and if the mail man will come—here is the result. Yes, even on Christmas Day, though what can surpass the agonies of preparation for Christmas? Says the heroine of a charming tale by William Dean Howells, "When this Christmas spirit gets into me, I could do murder!" And behold her reward. At twenty minutes past two, infallibly, some one looks up and says, "Doesn't this seem like Sunday?"

How old Noah Webster must have chuckled when he wrote in his Dictionary, "Holiday—a day of amusement, joy, and gayety!" Father celebrates by reading the morning paper, tinkering around the house, and then going down to the office "to see that everything is all right." Mother toils in the kitchen, cooking twice the usual dinner. The young folks lie abed until noon. Among the populace in general what an air of indecision, of helplessness! On certain holidays the church bells ring. Shall we go? Or there are mass-meetings advertised, and a parade. But, frankly, seriously, do we feel drawn to the masters of oratory, or does it strike us that the parade will differ materially from the hundred and one we have seen before?

As for the parks, meanwhile, pretty crowded, won't they be? At various restaurants, special seven-course midday gorges attract, with music thrown in, yet the price, how extortionate! At the theaters, special holiday matinées promise amusement, joy, and gayety—that is, if we can get in, though even then we pay dear for our seats, and it is the same show we might visit any night in the week.



Courtesy of Community Service, New York

A bearded Santa Claus with a merry smile and jovial voice is really the most important part—next to the Christmas tree, of course—of a Christmas celebration, whether it is held in town or country, indoors or out

Finally, thanks to a brilliant flash of inspiration, the populace in general hits on our typical American method of celebrating and—walks around.

Up one street and down another it goes, aimlessly, mirthlessly, yet cherishing a brave hope that something, somewhere, will turn up to convince it, somehow, that this is not Sunday. Beyond the bawling of peddlers selling badges, medals, flags, canes, balloons, and other holiday gimcracks, nothing does. To be sure, there are several times the customary number of automobiles at large; but these, instead of banishing the Sunday illusion, seem rather to argue, "This is Sunday, only more so."

After the holiday we say we had a roaring good time, and here and there a sunburned nose or an upset digestion or accounts of a thrilling afternoon at the play so indicate. But we face arrears of work. The postman brings a double mail, telephones shriek belated orders, complaints pour in from the shipping department about damages to perishable goods, other complaints arrive from customers who would have received our wares on time except for the holiday. And the boss is irritable—his ten cigars were a mistake. Moreover, the one man who knows where an important paper is tucked away has missed his train and failed to show up. We ourselves are—well, not irritable exactly, but no one will detect in us any very glaring symptoms of reinvigoration. In fact, it is a relief to be back at work, provided that we can sit down while working, for the net result of a typical American holiday, as experienced by the populace in general, may be summed up in two words—sore feet.

Nor does it appear that Columbus or Washington or whatever celebrity the holiday was about got much out of it either. We hardly gave him a thought.

There are real holiday-makers—a few. There are also whole classes who profit by a holiday. For example, innkeepers, garage-keepers, showmen, and venders of peanuts, tobacco, and soft drinks, not to mention the dealers in boots and shoes. But meanwhile whole classes toil harder than ever—trolley conductors, waiters, soda clerks, and plenty more besides—while the populace in general toils at its futile pursuit of "amusement, joy, and gayety" until it seems to deserve the encomium Mr. Dooley bestowed upon Grover Cleveland—to wit: "Industhrees, but naught very bright."

Meanwhile, consider what the populace in general has missed. Not genuine recreation alone. Not the deepening of

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fine sentiment alone. Not inspiration alone. Along with failure in these respects goes the neglect of an opportunity to begin learning, not only the art of playing together, but the still more splendid art of pulling together.

On a holiday work has mainly ceased. Sectarian differences are forgotten. Democracy is in the air. Instead of thinking of itself as split up into cliques, to the ruin of broad and generous citizenship, the town can think of itself as a unit, with a community mind and a community soul—that is, if the townsmen will but find something delightful and refreshing they can all do together.

This sounds rather like a challenge, no doubt reminding you of the playwright who was told, "Right along here in the second act you want a few witty lines," and replied, "As for instance?" Yet we are not without suggestions. More and more cities every year go in for community Christmas trees, with Christmas pageants or Christmas tableaux. More and more cities every year arrange on other holidays a programme at once tasteful and exhilarating, and making for huge sociability. Community sports, community singing, community drama—indeed, all imaginable devices for throwing people together and giving them the lark of their lives—we are learning to appreciate. From its headquarters at 315 Fourth Avenue, New York, Community Service has been issuing to its workers the country over a set of mimeographed bulletins showing how city after city has caught the new spirit and, by providing a real holiday, put an end to the custom of looking up and saying at twenty minutes past two, "Doesn't this seem like Sunday?"

Among other things, these bulletins give invaluable lists of pageants, pantomimes, and one-act dramas appropriate to this or that holiday or near-holiday. Very illustrious, oftentimes, are the signatures these pageants, pantomimes, and one-act dramas bear. With an eye to business, our cleverest writers have applied their genius to scheming out diversions for holidays. No more trash. No more sham sentiment. No more tawdriness. Instead, high art, at once popular and inspiring—the sort that makes the most of the holiday's meaning and yields a maximum of enjoyment for those crowds who now go aimlessly up one street and down another, hoping against hope for a holiday thrill.

Courtesy of Community Service, New York

A PLAY OR PAGEANT IN WHICH EPISODES IN THE HISTORY OF THE PILGRIMS ARE DEPICTED MAKES A GOOD THANKSGIVING AFTERNOON PROGRAMME

Now observe. In its endeavor to introduce "amusement, joy, and gayety" into our holidays Community Service cherishes no ambition to discourage mass-meetings or parades or any traditional form of celebration whatsoever. The same orators, in the same frock coats, can go on mouthing the same grandiloquent phrases unmolested. The same veterans, in the same uniforms, can tread the same cobblestones, while, from the same wagons along behind, the same delightful fellows in white coats throw out the same cookies to the same populace. Community Service is not a reform society. It is an organization seeking to add new pleasures without meddling with those we already have. It provides ideas. If approached in the right way, it even provides leadership.

Considering our general helplessness as regards holidays and our general inability to guess what to do with them, it is astonishing to note their tendency to multiply. Americans still in middle life recall the first Labor Day, the first Arbor Day, the first Columbus Day. Now we are adding Armistice Day. And every little while we extend our list of what might be termed "pink-letter days," not holidays, quite, but almost—Flag Day, Mothers' Day, and the rest. And once we get a holiday started, it lives forever. Even the Massachusetts Fast Day survives—under another name. By and by some joker will be saying that our leading industry is the manufacture of holidays, our chief ambition a resolve to preserve them as long as the world standeth, and our noblest claim to distinction a belief that somehow we shall pull through rather comfortably in spite of them.

Courtesy of Community Service, New York

"HOLDING THE FORT AGAINST THE INDIANS," ONE OF THE MOST TENSE MOMENTS IN A THANKSGIVING PILGRIM PAGEANT

Comfortably! Why, bless you, all we need, to fill a holiday with abounding "amusement, joy, and gayety," is leadership. Trained leadership, that is. Leadership that has turned the trick successfully many a time, and itches to do it again. And we know where to find such leadership. Why not make overtures? More than a hundred American cities have already courted Community Service. Indeed, it is getting to be rather the customary thing.

See the record the organization has. It was originally got up to promote playgrounds. Then, when war came, it expanded enormously and promoted war camps recreation. Since the war it has been promoting recreation everywhere. It believes in jollity, in sociability, and in all manner of good times, though not primarily for their own sake.

Primarily it believes in them because

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by teaching us to get together they teach us to pull together, so that there develops in the town a new spirit, at once genial and progressive. Towns have been made over from top to bottom that way. They are happier. They are better. Things they never dreamed of accomplishing in the old days they now accomplish easily. Edward Everett used to say that the greatest word in the English language was the word "together." Community Service takes his assertion at face value. Especially on a holiday. Yes, even at twenty minutes past two on a holiday. For the holiday works wonders, if you let it. Then, more than at any other time, the community can find itself.

LLOYD GEORGE AND BONAR LAW: THE CONTRAST

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM FRANK DILNOT

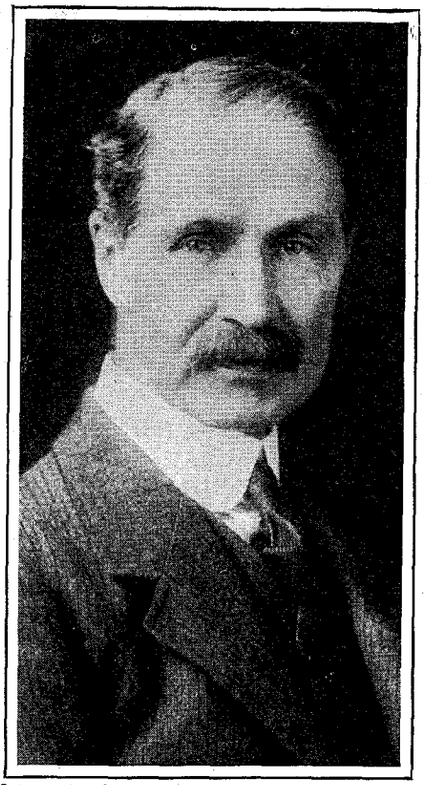
THOUGH Lloyd George goes out of office, he will remain the storm center of British politics. Leader of the Opposition, he will remain for good or for evil the dominant personality in Britain. It may well be that Ministries will rise and fall through his influence, although he does not again hold office. Warwick, the kingmaker, can hardly fail to be his rôle.

For seventeen years Lloyd George has been a member of the British Cabinet, and from the time that Campbell-Bannerman essayed the audacious experiment of introducing the young Welsh guerrilla to the Ministry in the junior position of President of the Board of Trade he has been the driving force—it might be more correct to say, the commanding force—in the British Government. The Presidency of the Board of Trade may be regarded as the least important of the sixteen to twenty offices which make up the Cabinet. Within about a year of his appointment Lloyd George had made the office of President of the Board of Trade second only in importance to that of the Prime Minister's position itself. I remember well the first time I met him. There had been a railway accident, with twenty people killed, at Shrewsbury, and I went down in charge of a corps of reporters for the "Daily Mail." It had been the custom of the Board of Trade to send down an inspector to any serious accident. On this occasion the inspector was accompanied by the Cabinet Minister himself, Mr. Lloyd George. I can see him now, stepping over the rails, inspecting the wreckage, and asking questions in his quick, alert way. The Board of Trade inspector always held an inquiry on the spot, a private inquiry to which the press up to then had never been admitted. I met Mr. Lloyd George in the street at Shrewsbury, and on behalf of all the press there I asked him if a statement would be issued afterwards with regard to the result of the inquiry. "Would not the newspaper men be there?" asked Mr. George.

"It is private," I said. "We are not admitted."

"Nonsense," was the reply. "Here are twenty people killed, and the public want to know the reason why. The press will certainly be admitted to the inquiry."

This was the first precedent which I knew Mr. Lloyd George to break. He was present at the inquiry and practically conducted it himself, and did so with a vigor, comprehensiveness, and force which could not have been entirely pleasant to the dignified official who had hitherto had command of such proceedings.



International
BONAR LAW, GREAT BRITAIN'S NEW PREMIER

I remember hearing friends talk of a small incident not long after this. There was threat of a general railway strike. Lloyd George tackled the situation, and there were tense days in which he struggled to bring masters and men together. It was in the winter time, and as he passed into the Board of Trade offices one afternoon he noticed a group of newspaper men waiting outside.

"Why are you here?" he asked.

"Waiting to hear of any decision."

"Come inside and make yourselves comfortable," he said.

He took them in, had a room placed at their disposal, sent tea and toast down for them and also a supply of cigarettes. An unheard-of proceeding for a Cabinet Minister of Britain.

For five years after that I watched him from the Press Gallery in Parliament, saw him carry through the Budget—the Budget which was to set up changes robbing the House of Lords of much of their historic power. In those stormy times, sitting on the Opposition front bench but not in any prominence, was a tall, gaunt man with a melancholy, thoughtful expression who was destined in the years to come to see Mr. Lloyd George become Prime Minister, to say the decisive word which was to accomplish his downfall, and then to be sent for by the King to form a Government on his own account. Mr. Bonar Law was not a pushful man; he has never been anything but essentially modest as well as able. A certain external mournfulness has always marked his demeanor. It was dissipated in conversation with the kindest and most charming of smiles. He gave one a sense of disillusionment and at the same time of absolute trustworthiness, and probably that expresses his temperament as well as any short phrase is able to do. He was subordinate to the big Tory chiefs in those days and did not trouble much about it, but occasionally he stepped to the front with a speech in opposition to the Government—a speech which was always marked by the closest of argument, an adherence to fact, an intense earnestness, and absence of rhetoric. I can see him now at the box at the table in the House of Commons, rapping on it sharply with his knuckles to emphasize a point, his voice rising to a high note with a snappy precision absent in his more deliberate moments. He never had a note to speak from. It was amazing how without any assistance to his memory he would speak for an hour at a time in a well-ordered, fact-laden speech, coherent, without repetition, and with not a word to spare. He was a steady workman, he had no flamboyancy. He never allowed a hint of passion to escape him, real or simulated. There came a time when, with the departure of Mr. Balfour from the leadership, the Conservatives had to choose a new chief, and, opinion being strongly divided between Mr. Walter Long and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, a compromise was arrived at by the selection of Mr. Bonar Law, who, if the truth must be told, was regarded as somewhat of a second-rater. He was a surprise. He took charge with confidence and dignity. Mr. Asquith was then the Liberal Prime Minister, and I remember how, sharing perhaps the

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common impression about Mr. Bonar Law, he treated him with some amount of contempt in debate. It was one of Mr. Asquith's big mistakes. Mr. Bonar Law showed no resentment, went steadily on his way, and within a few months had built up for himself a reputation which persists to this moment. United with a steely determination he had a calmness under attack and a courtesy towards his opponents which quickly made him a real power in Parliament, and presently in the country. His big opportunity, however, was yet to come. In the Coalition Government of the war Mr. Lloyd George deputed to Mr. Bonar Law the leadership of the House of Commons, and in this position Mr. Law showed himself to be one of the great parliamentarians of the past half-century. It is a curious fact that even a political genius does not necessarily make a good leader of the House of Commons, because that leader, while commanding his own party, has also in many respects to take into account the feeling of the whole House, to speak for it, to appeal to it, and in some general indefinable ways to be its mouthpiece. Mr. Bonar Law surpassed Mr. Lloyd George in this respect, surpassed even that great parliamentarian, Mr. Asquith. He had a quiet, smooth manner, he never attacked an opponent unnecessarily, he could be firm as a rock, and yet those who were opposed to him always realized in him an instinctive fairness. It is not too much to say that he was liked and honored by every member of the House.

I had a private talk with him a few months ago when there was no thought of the present state of affairs. I was impressed with his shrewdness, his grasp of national affairs, and withal a certain kindliness. Though he had nothing to do with the Government, he referred to Mr. Lloyd George in almost affectionate terms. He displayed not a hint of ambition in the sense of which smaller men give manifestation.

At the moment of writing this Mr. Bonar Law faces a great task. Whether he succeeds or fails, he will leave the impression on all who know him of an honorable man trying to do his duty.

London, England.

WITHERED WREATHS

BY HARRY LEE

Dim in the driven rain
Above the city square,
A soldier,
Done in bronze,
High-hearted,
Debonair,
Faces the west
As though he dreams
Of lads who have gone there.
He gazes out and on,
Heeding not things beneath;
He gazes out and on,
Remembering . . .
And at his feet,
Forgotten by the ones
Who laid it there,
A wreath . . . a withered wreath.

It seemed as though
A wistful, far-blown voice
The stillness broke,
As though the soldier
In the storm-swept square,
For love of those
Who dwell beyond the sunset,
Gravely spoke:

"Last May, when fifes were shrill,
When rattling drum,
Wild flag,
And martial feet
Bade all the city come,
The pompous orator
With unction
Said:
'Our soldiers live.
They live
Whom we call dead!'
Ah, then . . . beyond the veil . . .
Unheard . . . we plead . . .
Plead for our comrades
Maimed, uncomforted.
Not we alone . . . they too . . .
Remembered only
As a fevered dream,
Are Living Dead!

"Three times ten thousand,
Even now,
In white wards wait.
Three times ten thousand . . .
And the Westward Gate,
That opened at our call,
Is closed to them.

"Three times ten thousand,
Living, suffering,
Now!
Ho, every one that breathes
The air of freedom,
From your heart's garden
Gather flowers,
That they
Who bought your freedom
May have wreaths;
Wreaths of remembrance
For the lonely hours;
Wreaths dew-drenched,
Rainbow-hued;
Wreaths wrought in love,
And prayer,
And gratitude,
Of morning flowers.

"Where we are . . .
Love is God.
We have no need
Of human tenderness,
But, oh, the least small flower
Of your love,
Some lad . . .
Would bless. . . ."

The voice grew fainter,
Fainter . . .
Clouds broke,
The west was bright,
And the bronze soldier
High above the city square
Stood dreaming,
Clothed in light.

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UNDER FOUR PRESIDENTS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OSCAR S. STRAUS

CHAPTER XI—PERSONAL VIGNETTES

MOTORING leisurely through Algiers and Tunis with Mrs. Straus, I was now enjoying a delightful holiday, free from cares and responsibility. The drowsy tropical air invited complete relaxation, and the lazy African days ushered us into a world unbelievably remote from that of American politics. Graceful, luminous Algiers, with its brilliant European hotels, charming cafés, veiled women, and swarthy men, etched lasting impressions upon our minds.

My defeat in the tense Progressive contest for the Governorship of New York had afforded me this opportunity for another taste of freedom. It was in the spring of the year 1913, and the mountains through which we toured were full of unexpected and beguiling scenes. Not only is this region rich in historic associations, but the engineering skill of the French has in turn modernized it with excellent motor roads. From Tunis we crossed to Sicily, where we visited the Carthaginian, Greek, and Roman remains of columns and temples that still bear tragic witness to the conflict between the armies of Hannibal and Scipio and between the transplanted Asiatic and European civilizations.

We made our way to Rome, where Ambassador Thomas J. O'Brien arranged for an audience with Victor Emmanuel III. The King was most affable and agreeable, and spoke perfect English. He referred to my several missions to Turkey, and said he, too, was there frequently when he was in the navy. He spoke with an intimate knowledge of the men and affairs in the Near East that surprised me. We discussed Arabia and the unrest there due to the incompetency of the Sultan's Government, and soon the conversation turned to the Balkan situation. I said I feared that as soon as the treaty then being negotiated, which was to end the first Balkan War against Turkey, was signed a fresh war would break out among the five Balkan Powers. That would not surprise him, he said, but considered that it might be best to let them fight it out. I answered that the trouble with that course was that the fight would involve the Great Powers, as the several Balkan States were attached to strings that led directly into the chancelleries of the Great Powers—with which the King did not disagree.

Altogether we had a fine talk of over an hour. The King's quick and vigorous mind, his clearness of vision and breadth of intellectual grasp, I found very refreshing. Unlike some of the monarchs, he did not seem detached and weighted down by a sense of his own importance.

With Ernesto Nathan, Mayor of Rome, a tall, prepossessing gentleman, who impressed me somewhat as a typical Englishman, we visited the ancient Roman commercial city of Ostia, whose ruins were being excavated. Georg Brandes, the Danish savant and critic, accompanied us. Brandes was nearly seventy years old, but intellectually vigorous and brilliant, although cynical, even if at times humorously and delightfully so.

A CARDINAL'S AMERICAN FLAGS

In Rome we also met Cardinals Rampolla and Falconio. The latter knew our country well. For nine years he had been Papal Legate at Washington, during which time he became a naturalized citizen. As we entered his reception-room, I observed two little American flags attached to an ornament on the center table. He informed me as he greeted me that his Holiness was quite ill, otherwise he would have advised me to allow Cardinal Rampolla and himself to arrange for an audience.

The Cardinal was told that I had been a member of the Roosevelt Cabinet, which recalled Roosevelt's visit to Rome in 1910. Of course I was anxious to learn how both these prelates regarded that incident. Cardinal Falconio said that the Holy Father had made no conditions as to the visit, but had merely expressed the hope that there might be no repetition of the Fairbanks incident; the Holy Father knew how broad-minded and well-disposed Roosevelt was toward all creeds and had really wanted very much to meet him. The Cardinal said that of course Roosevelt could not be blamed; the matter should not have been handled through the Embassy. His remarks implied that the mismanagement had been there.

We now went within the Vatican district, under the arch on the side, to the palatial residence of Cardinal Rampolla. On entering, we were led to the Cardinal's private room next to the formal reception chamber, where the Cardinal greeted us warmly. He had great charm of manner and was most gracious; withal he impressed one as a keen, learned, and shrewd prelate. He was regarded as the ablest and most distinguished of the cardinals eligible to the Holy See, and it may be remembered that he was considered the logical successor of Leo XIII, and it was said he would probably have been elected Pope but for the opposition of the Emperor of Austria.

In referring to the Roosevelt incident, he too held Roosevelt entirely blameless, and added that both he and Brother Falconio knew how kindly Roosevelt felt toward Catholics and the Holy See, and that there should have been nothing official about the message to him; if he had been in Merry Del Val's place, the regrettable misunderstanding would not have happened. Evidently he blamed the Papal secretary.

LUBIN, THE ROUGH DIAMOND

David Lubin gave a dinner at the Hôtel de Russie to Mrs. Straus and me on May 1. Lubin was a rough diamond, so to speak: a man of vision, unlimited energy, and enthusiasm. It was he who induced the Italian Government to recognize the International Institute of Agriculture, and he was regarded by that Government as its founder. Indeed, he was better understood in Rome than in Washington. He knew nothing and cared less about diplomatic amenities. When I was in the Cabinet, our Ambassador at Rome had made an unfavorable report about him because of some supposed tactless move which was objected to by our Ambassador. This report displeased Secretary Root, and the result would have been Lubin's recall as our delegate to the Institute had I not interceded for him with the President, explaining what manner of man Lubin was, that he had no manners but had genius, and that I felt sure the King of Italy himself would intercede for him.

As a matter of fact, about a year after that there was some question of appointing another person as American delegate, and the King did intercede for Lubin. For the help and encouragement that I gave this worthy man he was always thereafter most grateful to me. It was David Lubin, too, who first aroused interest in America in the establishment of an agricultural credit system, as well as in the co-operative banks.

LLOYD GEORGE INDORSES A "SHINPLASTER"

From Rome we went direct to London, where I shortly got in touch with William Watson, the poet. I had met him the year before in the United States. I was chairman of the Executive Committee of the Authors Club at the time, and as such its president; the Club gave him a reception; also he was at my house several times. It was said of him that he was better known than Robert Bridges and would have been selected as Poet Laureate in preference to Bridges had he not written a poem called "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue," referring to Margot Asquith, wife of the

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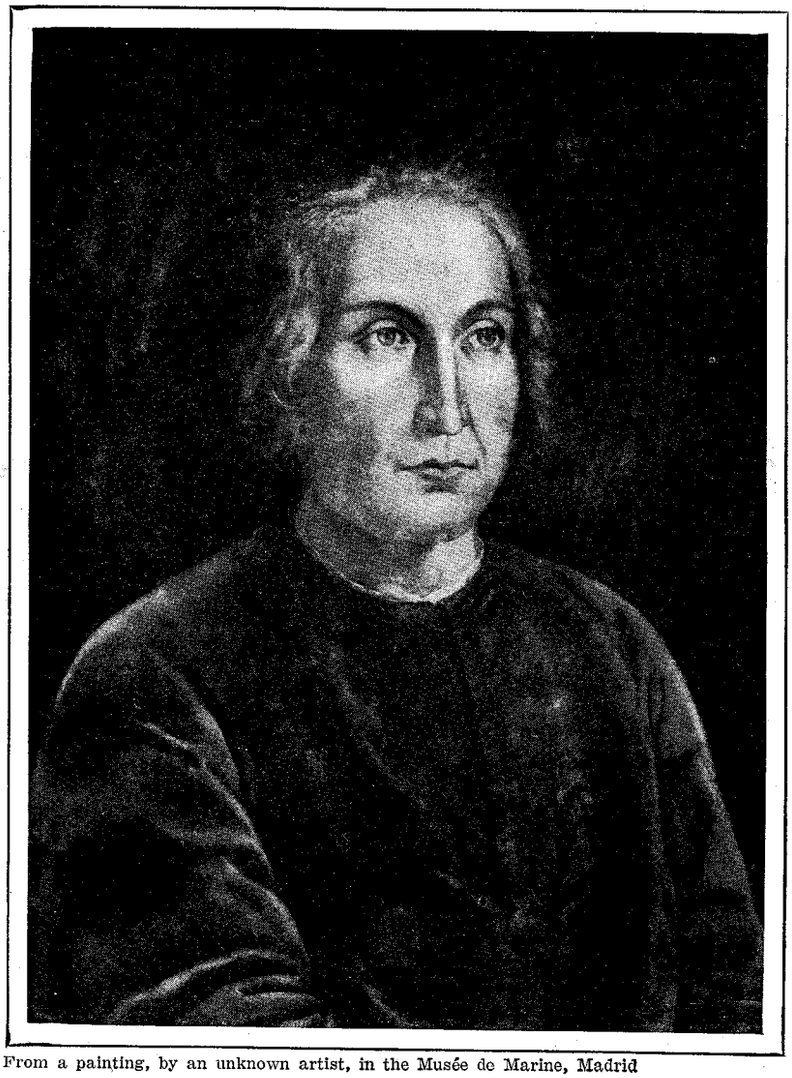
Premier, which spoiled his chances for official recognition. He appeared somewhat disappointed and to be considering permanent residence in America. He asked me about the cost of living in cities other than New York, which he considered too extravagant.

Sir Charles and Lady Henry invited us to luncheon at their beautiful town house in Carlton Gardens, to meet, among others, Lloyd George, then Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Lloyd George explained the important Liberal measures to me, particularly the National Insurance Act of 1911, amendments to which were then being considered in the House. He declared that it was necessary to curb or reform the House of Lords before social justice measures, such as this Insurance Act, legislation for old age pensions, etc., could be put through. He asked about Roosevelt and the status of the Progressive party, and whether the newspapers were favorable to the cause; it seems that the newspapers did not give him adequate information regarding the Progressives. I had to tell him that many of our leading dailies were not with us. I explained to him that I thought the Progressive movement could hardly be regarded as a party, but that I believed its influence in liberalizing both of the old parties would be considerable.

When I was in London shortly after the outbreak of the World War, I remember an amusing incident at another meeting with Lloyd George, at a small dinner. For emergency use there had been issued one-pound treasury notes that looked more like a "shinplaster" of our Civil War days than like a dignified British pound. One of the guests brought in a number of these, for which some of us exchanged gold. As I took one up I remarked about the appearance of it and added that before I accepted it I would require the indorsement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lloyd George quickly answered, "That can be done," and promptly took the note and wrote his name on the back of it. It remains in my possession as a souvenir.



From a painting, by an unknown artist, in the Musée de Marine, Madrid

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

Mr. Straus refers in this chapter to a lecture by an eminent Spaniard before the Madrid Historical Society which summed up in nineteen points the reasons for the conclusion that Columbus was a Spaniard and of Jewish ancestry

IMPRESSIONS OF EARL GREY

We spent a charming evening with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brittain, now Sir Harry and Lady Brittain, in their cozy home on Cowley Street. The only other guest was Earl Grey, former Governor-General of Canada. Earlier in the year I had met both Sir Harry Brittain and Earl Grey in New York, when they came over, respectively, as chairman and secretary of the British Committee for the Celebration of One Hundred Years of Peace.

A few days thereafter Earl Grey invited Mrs. Brittain, Mrs. Straus, and me to breakfast with him and then to accompany him to the now famous Hampstead Garden Suburb. I was glad of this opportunity to see that experiment, because the subject of housing workers in wholesome homes and surroundings at a moderate cost was one that interested me very much.

Hampstead is only about five or six miles from the heart of London. In this beautiful suburb every house has a garden, and the architecture of the houses is varied and attractive. Earl Grey knew several of the tenants, and took us into a number of the houses. At that time the rental of an entire house per week was six and a half shillings and upward; and there were large single rooms with cooking facilities for three and a half shillings a week. The population was almost seven thousand, and the suburb was being extended. There was an air of contentment about the place, and the children looked robust and happy. The wonder of it all was that the plan was on an economically sound basis and was paying four and a half per cent annually on the capital invested. The Earl had much to do with the development of this suburb, and, if I mistake not, was chairman of the board at the time.

Mrs. Straus and I were also invited to spend a week-end with Earl and Lady Grey at Howick, their Northumberland estate. Mrs. Straus, however, had planned to take a cure at a German health resort, so my son Roger was invited in her stead. The only other visitor was Henry Vivian, M.P., who was associated with Earl Grey in both the Hampstead Garden Suburb and the organization of the co-operative societies, of which latter Earl Grey was chairman. I participated in a meeting of the Co-operative Society of Northern England, and saw how practical and inexpensively conducted they were, cheapening merchandise of all kinds by eliminating the profits of middlemen and the cost of distribution, and to that extent lowering the cost of living. Along these lines we have much to learn in our own country.

Roger and I spent a delightful few days with Earl and Lady Grey. The Earl represented the finest type of English nobleman. He was a man of the highest ideals, even regarded by some as rather visionary in his various plans for the betterment of economic conditions;

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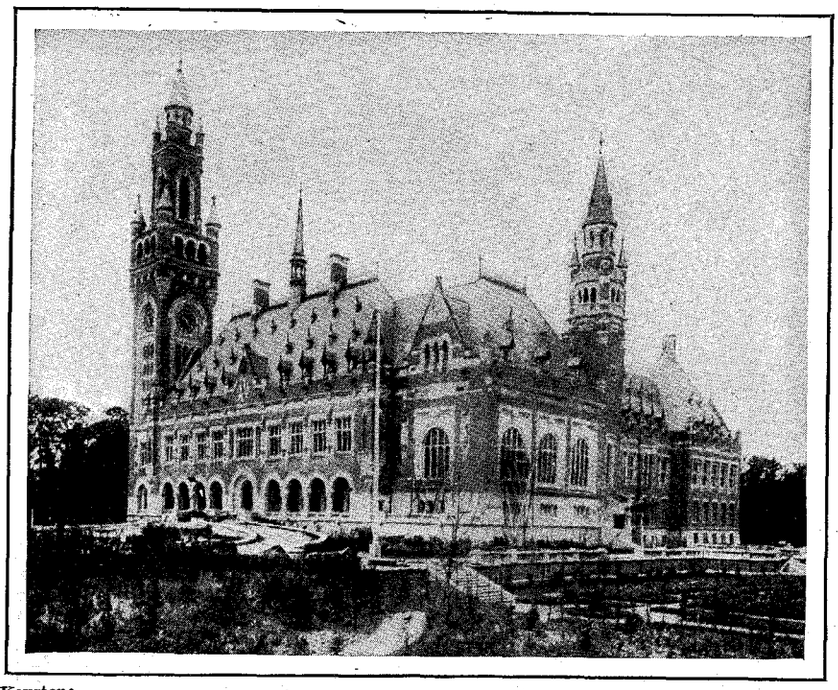

Keystone

THE PEACE PALACE AT THE HAGUE

"I had promised Mr. Carnegie that I would attend the ceremonies opening the Peace Palace at The Hague, to which all members of the Hague Tribunal had been specially invited"

a man who recognized, as do so many of the British titled people, the patriotic responsibilities attached to their position.

AT SKIBO CASTLE WITH CARNEGIE

I now proceeded to the northern part of Scotland to spend a few days with Andrew Carnegie at Skibo Castle in Sutherland. It was what Andrew Carnegie called "university week" at Skibo, for in accordance with an annual custom he had as his guests the provosts of the several Scotch universities.

Every morning we were awakened by the music of several Scotch Highlanders dressed in their kilts and playing old native tunes on their bagpipes. Those were unique and memorable awakenings in the steel-master's castle; the bagpipes attuned the mind instantly to the Scotch atmosphere and Scotch tradition. We started our day invariably with a game of golf, at which we helped each other out as caddies, for all of us, Mr. Carnegie included, were indifferent players (beyond which stage I have not even since progressed), so that we all felt quite at home with one another on the links.

We had hoped to test Carnegie's much-lauded and far-famed salmon pond, but that season the fish were late in coming up the run, so we were deprived of that pleasure and had to console ourselves with a little trout fishing. Two or three were put into each of our baskets for breakfast, and the remainder were religiously restored to the pond.

At that time Skibo Castle had but recently been built, but already it was noted for its generous hospitality, which both the British and American friends of Mr. Carnegie so much enjoyed.

I had promised Mr. Carnegie that I would attend the ceremonies opening the Peace Palace at The Hague, to which all the members of the Hague Tribunal had been specially invited. From Skibo, therefore, I returned to London, to meet my old friend Hakki Pasha, who was one of the Turkish members of the Tribunal, and together we went on to The Hague.

THE PEACE PALACE AT THE HAGUE

A word about the origin of the Peace Palace may not prove tedious. Shortly after the close of the first Hague Conference in 1899 the late Professor Martens, distinguished Russian international jurist, had a talk with our Ambassador at Berlin, Andrew D. White, who had been chairman of the American delegation at that Conference. Together they discussed the desirability of a building at The Hague which should serve as a "palace of justice" for the Permanent Court and as a place of meetings for international conferences. Subsequently Ambassador White presented the idea to Andrew Carnegie, and Carnegie invited him to come to Skibo to discuss it. Ambassador White records in his autobiography:

> The original idea had developed into something far greater. The Peace Palace at The Hague began to reappear in a new glory—as a pledge and sign of a better future for the world. Then there came from Carnegie the words which assured his great gift to the nations—the creation of a center as a symbol of a world's desire for peace and of good will to man.

The programme for the dedication was in keeping with the occasion. The city itself was decorated with festive drapery and floral arches. It was a beautiful day and great crowds of people had gathered. The great conference hall and the galleries of the Palace were filled with representatives of the nations: the diplomatic corps; about forty members of the Permanent Court; members of the States General of Holland; the Queen; Prince Henry; the Queen Mother, and many ladies—altogether an imposing assembly.

The ceremony opened with the singing of anthems by the choir from Amsterdam. A historical address was made by the former Minister of Foreign Affairs, Jonkheer van Karnebeek, president of the Carnegie Building Foundation. His son, by the way, is Minister of Foreign Affairs at this writing and was Holland's chief representative at the Washington Conference of 1921. Mr. Van Swinderen, the retiring Minister of Foreign Affairs, made the address accepting the custody of the building.

In the evening a banquet to Mr. Carnegie was given in the Hall of Knights at Binnenhof by the Minister of Foreign Affairs in the name of the Government, to which were invited the nobility and all the high officials who had attended the ceremony, and who thereafter were received in audience by the Queen at the royal palace.

The greatest possible distinction was shown to both Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie, who were brimming over with gratification. Well known as Carnegie was as one of the greatest captains of industry, he is even better known, and will be longer remembered throughout the world, by the extent of his benefactions, in the distribution of which he found his supreme happiness in the last two decades of his life.

When the World War began, the cartoonists made much sport of the Peace Palace as the outstanding embodiment of the irony of fate and with the peace advocates for the failure of their vision. But evidence is not entirely lacking that the peace advocates may yet be able to turn the laugh on the cartoonists. Some of the most constructive features of the League of Nations were formulated by commissions working under the roof of the Peace Palace. The International Court of Justice, organized under the provisions of the Covenant of the League of Nations, has its seat within the Palace and will soon be ready to commence its constructive work. The Palace is a contribution whose worth to civilization can hardly be measured in a single generation.

RUDYARD KIPLING AT A DANCE

On May 19, 1914, we again sailed for Europe on the Lusitania on our way to Madrid to attend the marriage of Kermit Roosevelt to Miss Willard, charming

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daughter of our Ambassador to Spain. On board we were agreeably surprised to find our long-time friend Mrs. T. J. Preston, Jr., formerly Mrs. Grover Cleveland, seated at our table in the dining-saloon. Naturally we spoke of Cleveland and of his qualities as they had revealed themselves to her and to his more intimate friends. When a man is President and always in the limelight, people get a perverted impression of him, a fact true more or less since Washington's day, but perhaps to a greater degree in the case of Cleveland. Mrs. Preston referred to many incidents that illustrated his gentleness and consideration, and she gave credit to his advice and guidance for much of the tact she displayed as mistress of the White House, for she was scarcely out of her teens when she occupied that important post.

In London I received a letter from Roosevelt saying he would meet us in Paris on June 7, and suggesting that I keep in touch with our Embassy there. Miss Catherine Page also was going to the wedding to be one of the bridesmaids, and Ambassador Page asked us to take her with us, which of course we were glad to do.

We stayed in London for several days, and soon after our arrival there was a young people's dance at the Embassy to which the Ambassador asked us to come, if only for a short stay. There we met Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling. In the course of a pleasant chat I asked Kipling in what work he was then engaged.

Kipling pointed to the next room at the dancing, and said: "Sitting up late nights, as I have a daughter in society, which is my principal occupation at present."

When we arrived in Paris, a note awaited us from Ambassador Herrick asking us to come to the Embassy, and informing us that Roosevelt was there. When I arrived, I found Roosevelt in the smoking-room engaged in an animated conversation with ex-Premier Honitaux regarding the physical characteristics of the races of Europe, in which Henri Bergson also participated, and to which the sculptor Rodin appeared to be a bored listener. Roosevelt was talking French, and when he could not find the word he wanted he used an English term, for which Bergson would then give him the French equivalent.

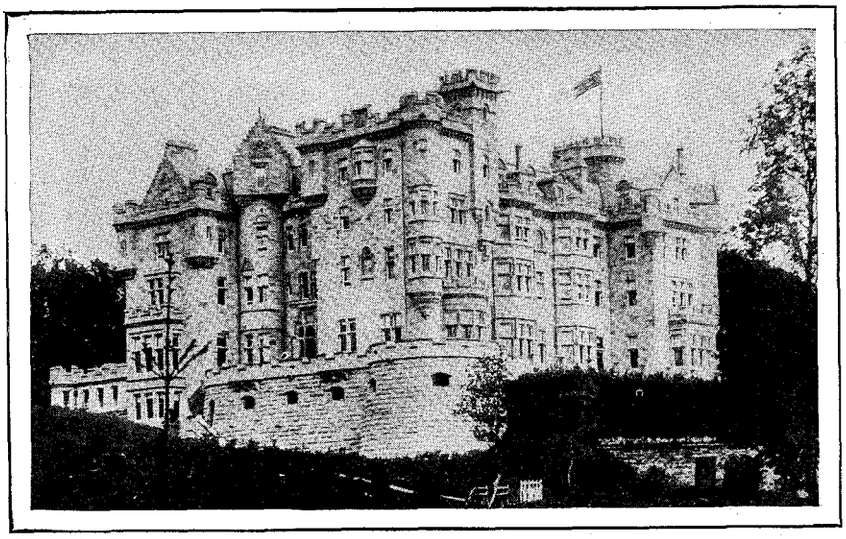
The next day our party left for Madrid—Roosevelt, his daughter Alice, their cousin Philip, son of William Emlen Roosevelt, Miss Page, Mrs. Straus, and myself. We were a jolly party.

Roosevelt and I of course talked politics, especially the future of the Progressive party. The State campaign for Governor and United States Senator was being discussed when Roosevelt had left home, and he had given out an interview before sailing regarding the sort of men that should be chosen, in which he had kindly referred to me as the standard of nominee for Senator. The press had commented extensively and favorably upon such a choice, and there had appeared many articles and editorials giving consideration to my name. Roosevelt had of course referred to me only as the type of man to be chosen, and believed that if the nominee for Governor were chosen from New York City, it might be well to choose the candidate for Senator from up-State. I told him I had no personal vanity in the matter, that what we wanted was the candidates that would best embody the cause. He answered that he knew me well enough for that, but that every one agreed that, next to him, I was the most prominent Progressive, and in New York State even stronger than he, as shown by the election of 1912. Of course I did not agree with this generous statement, which was another proof that figures do sometimes lie.

He expressed the hope that the Progressives and the liberal wing of the Republicans might unite. He lamented the difficulties for the party in the coming election, and said he was reluctant to enter the campaign, but, he added: "I must stand by the men who stood by me." If Johnson was again to be the candidate of the party for Governor of California and needed his help, he would have to go there, though he could not overtax his throat, which had been weakened by his fever in the jungles of Brazil. He said if that fever had overtaken him two weeks earlier, he would not have pulled through; as it was, he had had a narrow escape.

At Irun, the Spanish border, King Alfonso's private car was hitched on to our train. From there on to the King's summer palace, where he left the train, a small guard of honor was drawn up at every stopping-place and the chief officials of the district came to pay their respects to their sovereign. The King was only twenty-eight years old, but was generally conceded to be a man of ability, with enlightened views, and highly regarded by his subjects. However, among the random notes that I made at the end of this visit to Spain, I wrote:

> I very much doubt if monarchy will last another score of years in Spain unless the King takes a lesson from Great Britain and is content to have Parliament govern the country. The democratic spirit is rapidly growing, but I very much doubt if the people, with their long traditions of monarchical government, will be prepared for many years for a democratic form of government.



International

ANDREW CARNEGIE'S SKIBO CASTLE

"Every morning we were awakened by the music of several Scotch Highlanders dressed in their kilts and playing old native tunes on their bagpipes. Those were unique and memorable awakenings in the steel-master's castle; the bagpipes attuned the mind instantly to the Scotch atmosphere and the Scotch tradition"

SOME TRAITS OF DISRAELI

This was our second visit to Spain. On our previous visit to Madrid, in 1897, we had had an interesting evening with a former colleague of my first Turkish mission, Herr von Radowitz, German Ambassador. He invited us to dine one evening at the Embassy, and after dinner showed us the throne room, in which hung a picture of the Kaiser. Radowitz explained that it was painted by a friend of the Emperor, "somewhat theatrical, you see, but he is fond of appearing grandiose." He started to tell me how he came into possession of the painting, that he had told the Emperor that the Embassy had no likeness of him, but he corrected himself by saying: "No, I did not ask for the picture, my wife did." He displayed rather a slighting estimate of his sovereign. The fact was that he was a protégé of Bismarck, and after the latter's retirement Radowitz was transferred from Constantinople to Madrid, which was regarded in the nature of a demotion, and that perhaps largely accounted for his attitude.

As we conversed after dinner Radowitz remarked that in 1878 he was one of the secretaries to the Berlin Congress,

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and that there he met Disraeli. Disraeli always made specially prepared speeches in English, which Radowitz took down in French. Then Disraeli would compliment him and say, "Did I really speak in this nice way or did you only write me down so elegantly?" When Radowitz replied, "Yes, this is what you said," Disraeli would say, "So let it stand."

This led me to draw out Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, who was also present, regarding Disraeli. He had known Disraeli very well. He told me that at the age of twelve he had met Disraeli and had always had access to him. I asked Sir Henry whether he had not kept a diary. He said he had not, but wished that he had. "Dizzy," he said, was not a compromiser; if he had opponents, he recognized them as such and never sought to placate them. When he first entered Parliament, he was a brilliant, flowery speaker, so much so that his party, the Conservative, was afraid of him. Afterward, when he became a member of the Ministry, he had trained himself down to a rather prosy level, yet now and again his speech would glow with brilliant passages excoriating his opponent. He was quick at repartee and often held up the other side to ridicule in telling metaphor.

I wanted to know whether he recollected when Disraeli's novels first came out. He said he remembered all but "Vivian Grey," which "Dizzy" wrote when he was quite young. He added that Disraeli's writings made him quite a lion among the literary set, but did not help him politically. He wanted to count among the best socially, and ever pointed his political guns toward that target.

When I asked Sir Henry about Disraeli's personal appearance, he said: "Lord Dufferin (Frederick Blackwood) looked very much like him; so much so that he might have been taken for Disraeli's son. Dizzy and Mrs. Blackwood were said to be very good friends. He met her on many of his frequent visits to the home of Lady Blessington, during the period when he was beginning to gain popularity."

Sir Henry had been rather critical of Disraeli, but he ended by saying: "Taking Dizzy all in all, he was the greatest English statesman I have ever known." And to me Disraeli had always been a fascinating subject, so much so, indeed, that at one time I had the intention to write a biography of him.

EVIDENCE OF SPANISH AND JEWISH ORIGIN OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

The expulsion of the Spanish Jews from Spain was of great interest to me, and on this second visit to Madrid I took advantage of the opportunity to see some of the historical relics from that period. I got in touch with Dr. Angel Pulido, life Senator of Spain, and together with Professor A. S. Yahuda, we visited the historic city of Toledo, about two and a half hours by rail out of Madrid. Dr. Pulido had for years advocated measures to induce Jews to return to Spain, especially those who still retained the Spanish language, as do many in Turkey and nearly all those in Morocco who are the descendants of those driven out of Spain.

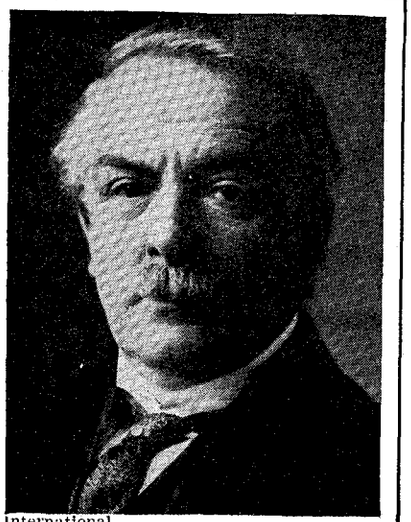
Toledo is one of the most ancient cities of Spain. It was once the residence of the kings of Castile, and under the Moors had a population of some two hundred thousand; of whom seventy-five thousand were estimated to have been Jews. The population now is about twenty thousand, and the city is but the bedraggled remains of its former grandeur. In its ancient glory it was noted for its silk and woolen industries and for the manufacture of the famous Toledo steel from which were made swords and other weapons that rivaled those of Damascus.

By the courtesy of Senator Pulido, I met and had several conferences with the Marqués de Dosfuentes, who several years before, as Fernando de Antón del Olmet, had written an article entitled "La verdadera patrio de Cristóbal Colón," which was published in "La España Moderna," a leading monthly of Spain.

I was very much interested in the data that several of the historians of Spain had unearthed regarding the ancestry and place of origin of Columbus. The article by the Marquis just mentioned was based on the research made by Celso Garcia de la Riega, and both Olmet and Riega came to the conclusion, based upon their examination of records, that Columbus was not an Italian, but a Spaniard, and that he was born in Pontevedra, Galicia, in the northern part of Spain; that his father's name was Colón (the Spanish for Columbus), and his mother's name Fonterosa; and that he was of Jewish ancestry.

In his article Olmet says, after going into detail regarding the nationality of Columbus according to the documents which he was able to examine:

> Nothing seems more logical than the preceding reasoning, and, moreover, this is the simplest method of explaining that the Admiral's parents were a Colón and a Fonterosa, which gives us a clue to the mystery of his life. From the document under notice it is to be inferred that the Domingo de Colón named was a modest trader. If the admiral was his son, it would not be absurd to suppose that, given the social prejudices of the times, this should have been a sufficient motive for hiding his origin and country. But there is still another reason that fully justifies his secrecy and clears up all mystery. The patronymic "Fonterosa" appears in the Province of Pontevedra connected with the names of Jacob the elder, another Jacob, and Benjamin; Colón's mother was called Susana. "If the admiral belonged to this family, doubtless Jewish," says Sg. La Riega, "since we may draw this inference from the Biblical names, or if he belonged to a



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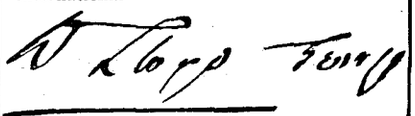

David Lloyd George, who, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, pleasantly wrote his name on the back of a one-pound treasury note of an early war-time emergency issue held by Mr. Straus. Facsimile of Lloyd George's indorsement is shown above

THE WORLD WAR

While touring through Normandy in July, 1914, word came to Mr. Straus that war was about to be declared. He and his party hurried to Paris, and then to London. In next week's installment of the Autobiography the distinguished observer gives notable impressions of the derangement of things during the first panic-stricken period of the war. He describes important sessions with Earl Grey and Sir Edward Grey. He recounts his return to America and tell of a dinner at the home of James Speyer, at which Mr. Straus broached the subject of mediation to Count von Bernstorff. He tells of a flying trip to Washington to report Bernstorff's receptive attitude toward mediation. Hurried conferences with Bryan, Jusserand, and Sir Cecil Spring-Rice are detailed, and Germany's insincerity regarding mediation is clearly exposed. Mr. Straus describes his efforts to persuade President Wilson to advise with ex-Presidents regarding America's impending entry into the war, and closes the noteworthy chapter with an account of his last visit with Roosevelt shortly before the latter's death in 1919.

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family of new Christians, should we not forgive his action in the matter and declare him fully justified in his resolution not to reveal such antecedents? We must bear in mind the then existing hatred toward the Hebrew race and the merciless fury let loose against it in the latter half of the fifteenth century."

In another part of the article Olmet says:

Colón never mentioned any relative, paternal or maternal. Even when Colón was at the zenith of his fame no one in Italy came forward to claim relationship with him, although he was the most famous personage of that time. Thus everything goes to corroborate Don Fernando Colón's affirmation in his "Life of the Admiral" that his father wished his orgin and birthplace to remain unknown.

The research of La Riega was continued to 1914 and published in that year. The author died early in the year, shortly before I arrived in Madrid. Other Spanish historians also have published conclusions similar to those of La Riega. There was, for instance, a brochure by Enrique de Arribas Y. Turull, entitled "Cristóbal Colôn, Natural de Pontevedra," which was originally delivered as a lecture before the Madrid Historical Society. This brochure also sums up, in nineteen points, the reasons for the conclusion that Columbus was a Spaniard, and of Jewish ancestry.

ANALYZING JOHNNY

BY CHARLES K. TAYLOR

LAST summer The Outlook published a brief description, prepared by the writer, of a simple system that might aid in understanding some very obvious character types of children. It may be remembered that the analysis was based entirely on behavior.

Since that time quite a number of letters have come, mostly from parents, discussing children of the types mentioned, and possibly it might be interesting to describe a few cases that have come in contact with the Psychological Clinic of the Carteret Academy, of Orange, New Jersey. Unlike most psychological clinics, this one does not accept abnormal children. It was planned to aid normal children who might be having some kind of difficulty, scholastically or in character, or even to aid parents in understanding the characteristics of children that had no real "difficulty" of any kind. Up to this date an immense amount of time has deservedly been given to the clinical study of abnormal children, and perhaps it is now time to use some practical expedients for the benefit of normal children.

And that brings us to Johnny—though, of course, his name wasn't John at all. John was thirteen, but his spelling looked like the painful struggling of a not over-bright child of seven or eight. The word that was correctly spelled was the exception. His compositions were frightful to look at, though if you could catch the sense of the scrawl you found that it indicated anything but immaturity. But one cannot go through school without being able to spell the simplest kind of words. So a special study was made of John.

Very often a child doing very poorly in all school work is not really dull at all. The child may be lacking in visual memory or auditory memory, and this lack in itself may be due to a remedial physical defect. So the first thing to do was to give Johnny tests for auditory and visual memory. These he passed with a first-rate grade. Also he passed all the other tests for special capacities well, failing only in a test for "simple association" merely because he could not spell the words that he wanted to write.

So we could eliminate visual and auditory memories as possible causes.

A study was made of his spelling, and it was found that with words of more than one syllable he got the first syllable, and went to pieces on the rest. A reading test showed that he could get the words of one syllable perfectly, but with the larger words he was likely to get the first syllable and mispronounce the rest—though if held to it and made to pronounce a word syllable by syllable, he got it. And he invariably knew the meaning.

For a boy who read with such difficulty his language and general choice of words and expression were excellent. But he could not read under any circumstances, and was not known to have read any book except such as were driven into him by his teacher. Yet, on talking about books to the examiner, he mentioned quite a number of books of first-class caliber, and showed he knew them in detail. No, he had not read them. *They had been read to him.* And we had the secret. From the beginning he had been read to. And now at thirteen he was still read to, mostly by a mother and a sister. His lessons were read to him when he had them to prepare, and what he heard he remembered. He never had been impelled to read for himself, he did not have a natural aptitude for it, and so was still at the seven-year stage of development in this study. He was thirteen, and so could be appealed to. His handicap was made clear. His relations stopped reading to him. For several months he was drilled in noticing the syllables of words, frequently having to guess the first syllable by seeing the second. So he came to notice all the syllables. Having a natural fondness for books, developed by the long course of first-class reading that had been given him, he began struggling on his own account. And at the end of a full year his troubles were over. His spelling was up to average, and his lessons in general made marked improvement. That was Johnny's case. Not a difficult one.

The case of Martin. This was a boy of thirteen. He was temperamental, emotional, making a very high score with his intelligence test—three years over his age, in fact. He has a poor physical development and flat chest, despite which he had a very superior soprano voice, could read almost any music at sight, and was a successful singer in church and concert.

The boy's own idea was that he would go to a commercial high school and then get into some "business." He was so fond of music, however, that he was tested in this respect, and, among other qualities, it was found that he had an unusual capacity for improvisation. In a test a theme was started on the piano, and when the piano would stop the boy would go right on with it, improvising, and so it would be passed back and forth between piano and boy. This with other qualities showed potential musical capacity of high order. On the other hand, American boys do not become first-rate musicians in any great numbers. They utterly refuse to make the real sacrifice required for the amount of practice necessary for a real musical career. I do not believe our native American boys have less musical capacity than those of central and southern European parentage. Not at all. I believe that they have the capacity—only they will not take the pains to develop it—nor will their parents require them to take the pains. The word "must," sturdily lived up to, seems to have died out in our American families!

The boy was promptly started at the piano, though thirteen is late for a beginner, and when he found he was getting a mastery his ambition awoke and gradually more and more time went to practice. He was very temperamental and emotional, as are most musicians—often to their detriment. So this boy was given thorough physical training. He developed a high athletic capacity, both for football and baseball. He

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learned to box like a machine—and to take and give blows with ready humor. The temperamentalism and emotionalism went down before the steady athletics, and as they went the steadier became his purpose as far as music was concerned, until in three years he was doing four to six hours of it each day—which is five or six times more than ninety-nine out of a hundred American boys will give to music. At sixteen the boy is an admirable performer. A concert career is not far away, and his ability to compose has increased with his time and training. All of which is much better than the commercial high school career and a possible second-rate clerking in some office.

Those who remember last summer's article in The Outlook may be interested to know that John was of the "active-controlled" type, and that Martin began as an "active-uncontrolled," but achieved a transformation into the "controlled" classification in about a year and a half.

Now for David. David was a quiet, rather melancholy type of boy, taking little interest in sports or other activities, satisfied to sit quietly at his school desk and struggle with his lessons, or just to sit without struggling. Yes, he was of the "apathetic" type. When aroused he could display a rather charming manner and expression. But he seemed somewhat weak—physically and in will power. He was rather easily led, and those who led him were not as desirable as might be. In fact, he was on the road to failure of several kinds.

A physical examination showed no defects, but that his muscles were flabby and under-developed. Dr. Arthur Holmes, a very able child psychologist on the staff of the University of Pennsylvania, once told the writer that where you find a "flabby" will you usually find flabby muscles. Said he, "Can you imagine a man with a soft forearm clenching his fist, smiting the table with it and declaring, "I will!" Not exactly.

The first thing here was systematic physical training. He had little more than an inch chest expansion. At fourteen he could have had about three and a half inches. So he was given breathing exercises and, gradually increasing in distance, hikes. This was in the spring. That summer he was sent to a boys' camp that makes a specialty of individual study and training—for normal boys, of course. There he gradually did more and more swimming, woodcutting, hard hiking, and special exercises. That fall he returned holding his head up instead of letting it hang. He went out for the football team of his age, and though he was not strong as yet, still he did quite well, all considered. The special exercises continued until he had a deep chest and well-developed and hard muscles. He became a fine distance hiker and runner as well as swimmer. And, let us add, with this hardening of physique came an immeasurable strengthening of character, a dropping of his undesirable associations, and a developing of a lot of first-class friendships. He was never a brilliant student, and he never will be, but he goes at his work sturdily, and gets it done.

And, finally, here is the case of Donald. And here we failed, because we are not allowed to poison parents or otherwise put their children out of their misery!

Donald was of the "active-uncontrolled" variety. He raised general "hob." He "cussed" like a pirate, and then some. He smoked now and then—not a great deal, because he wanted to be an athlete, but just enough to show that he was a real sport at that. He did miserably in school, seemingly unable to concentrate, even though all his intelligence tests came out well. He had a pale, unhealthy complexion. He was short-winded, having an under-developed chest and a flat one, protruding abdomen, slightly open mouth, pointed upper jaw, with crowded teeth, and every possible sign of adenoid, with frequent colds and bronchitis to suggest something about tonsils. A medical examination showed large adenoids and a throat choked with tonsils. Despite which the boy was a phenomenal athlete for thirteen, almost uncannily good especially in sports that gave him time to get breath. And yet he had the constant discomfort of the mouth-breather, and the handicap of a choked-up throat, and the marvel is that the boy was no worse than he was! It looked like a simple case—removal of adenoids and tonsils, and, with removal of irritation, the gradual disappearance of the boy's less desirable qualities. So the medical report went to the boy's father. The father wrote back promptly and with some asperity. "I don't believe in tonsils and adenoids," said he, with emphasis. Do you remember the story of the old gentleman who said he "disbelieved in India," and of course India was no more. The father's disbelief in tonsils and adenoids did not seem to make them disappear. His believing the matter to be evidence of a "fad" did not straighten the boy's upper jaw, bring out his chest, or make it possible to breathe through his nose. My last sight of him, a short time ago, showed the lad possessing all those unfavorable characteristics. Evidently the father still continues to disbelieve. I wonder what he would think if he was persuaded to look down the boy's throat.

After all, these are all rather simple and not extraordinary cases. But their description is given to illustrate the possibilities of a clinic for the study of normal children and to encourage child psychologists to institute such clinics for the aid of children, parents, and schools wherever these three interesting institutions exist.

An intelligent appreciation of music is steadily growing in this country, but there are still many more people who recognize a good short story when they read it than a good song when they hear it. There is, however, a very general desire on the part of concert-goers to cultivate their own intelligent appreciation. With this in view, we have asked one of the most distinguished and well-equipped music critics in this country to write four articles which will tell the music amateur in plain language how to form a correct opinion of good piano playing, good violin playing, good orchestra playing, and good singing. These four papers will be printed in early numbers of The Outlook. We can assure our readers that they will find them not only informative, but entertaining, for the author, Mr. W. J. Henderson, has a habit of expressing his views sometimes in a lively fashion.

Mr. Henderson is a graduate of Princeton in the class of 1876, and is now musical critic of the New York "Herald." He has written voluminously on musical subjects, and there are several books of permanent value to his credit in the literature of musical criticism. We do not quite know what is the relation between music and the seven seas, but Mr. Henderson is an expert in navigation and the history of yachting, and his "Elements of Navigation" is a standard work on this scientific subject. The thesis which he maintains in these articles is this: "If music is an art at all, it is the art of beauty in sound. We need not torment ourselves before trying to arrive at a definition of beauty. Let us confess at once that beauty has never been successfully defined, and that it is entirely a matter of opinion; but the fact remains that among the cultivated peoples of the world there is a pretty general consensus of opinion." This he endeavors to arrive at in his papers, illustrated by personal allusions and anecdotes. We believe that every concert-goer under whose eyes they fall will enjoy them.

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THE BOOK TABLE

DOES THE AUTHOR COUNT WITH BOYS?

BY HUBERT V. CORYELL

IN a previous article[1] I told of my experience in giving boys their heads with regard to books, showing how, if they can be brought to discuss books among themselves, pass on their judgments from one to another, and combine their group judgments for the benefit of all, the resulting list of books is pretty sure to be of a surprisingly high quality. Moreover, if boys are given this chance to weigh values, their own power to judge values increases, and—what is more important—becomes an actively functioning power. They actually begin to choose better books for their voluntary reading.

During the past year the group of boys that I was working with finished its job of making up a composite list earlier in the year than usual, and there began to be signs of restlessness at the prospect of going on with more book reports and book discussions. Too much of one thing was about to prove good for nothing. Getting wind of this, I forestalled discontent by asking the boys if they wouldn't like a change. There was a vigorous nodding of their heads and an eager gleam of expectancy in their eyes. They wondered what I was going to offer them instead of book reports. But I had no intention of offering them anything. My best results had come from leaving the initiative to them. So I said, "Well, what else would you like to do?"

They looked from one to another in surprise. Then one boy held up his hand.

"Make a list of authors," he said.

"Publishers," amended another.

"Illustrators," said a third.

A fourth boy suggested that we study up on authors and make reports on them just as we had been making reports on books. As he made his suggestion I remembered that he was the very boy who, two years before, when his class first began to study books with me, had declared that he "didn't see any sense in bothering to say anything about the author of a book when you're talking about the book." To see what would happen, I took his own stand and presented his former attitude to him and the class.

"Are we really concerned with authors enough to make it pay to make reports on them?" I asked. "Does it really matter who wrote a book, if we like it?"

Before the boy himself could answer another caught me up and made reply:

"Oh, sure it does. You might want to read another book by the same author."

"Yes," said another boy, "and, besides, if you find out something about an author's life maybe you'll know whether he's telling the truth about the places he talks about."

Again the nodding of heads. So I put it to a vote what we should do for the next two months. The verdict was that each boy should begin making up a list of his favorite authors on cards, and that later we should combine the lists as we had with the books; also that shortly we should begin to have reports on authors. Then we began to saw wood. It soon became apparent that the cards alone were not going to make class discussions of any stimulating nature; so we turned to the reports on authors. Each boy was told to prepare himself for oral or written report on a favorite. A week later the reports were in full swing, and popular.

I made no more attempt to guide boys in their choice of authors to report on than I had in their choice of books. For to me the vital thing is to keep off the deadening hands of pedagogy and let the boys follow their own impulses, let them become interested in finding out things about their own favorite author friends. It matters little whether a boy reports, as one did, that "it is certain that Shakespeare was none too wise a youth, for he was not quite nineteen when he married Anne Hathaway . . . eight years older than himself," or whether he reports, as another did, that "Louisa May Alcott's family was very poor and Mr. Alcott was a failure as far as money was concerned." The vital thing is that the boy should delight in delving into the personal life of an author that he cares for.

Information came in so thick and fast and in so unorganized a manner that at times I wondered what my reputation would be worth if it should become known how helter-skelter was our study plan. But gradually, by a process of natural selection, a few authors began to come to the front, and about them all members of the class began to get a few clean-cut ideas. We learned of Samuel Clemens that he had been a printer's apprentice and a Mississippi River pilot before he made a success of writing. We discovered that Cooper grew up in the woods about Otsego Lake, where he often saw real Indians, that he was expelled from Yale for not doing his work, that he went to sea, came back, and did not start writing for several years. We learned that Dickens had pasted labels on blacking boxes, while the family lived in a debtors' prison, and that his rise to fame had been through his own efforts always; also that he had made a great fortune for himself and had lived as few authors have in the time of his own great fame. We learned of Poe's extreme brilliance and of the curse of alcoholism that broke his life. We learned of Scott's lameness from childhood, of his finding the forgotten manuscript of "Waverley" stowed away in an old drawer and starting his career as a novelist with this first effort, and, lastly, of his heroic labors to pay off the debt of the publishing house to which he had belonged after its failure. We learned of Kipling's early life in India, of Jules Verne's passion for things geographic which was at the base of most of his stories, of Thackeray's natural indolence to match his great genius and of the terrible cloud cast over his later years by the giving way of his wife's mind. We learned of Stevenson's struggle for health, his romantic journey across the United States as an emigrant on hearing that the woman he cared for was ill, of the great love which grew in the hearts of the natives of the South Seas for him whom they called Tusitala (Teller of Tales), and, lastly, of his royal burial at the top of the great mountain which he had loved to look at.

Scattered, broken, totally unsystematic, these bits of information came to the class from its members. But, if the information lacked unity, the effect of the experience was just the opposite. For each boy had come to see how the knowledge of an author's life enriched the pleasure of reading the author's books. At the end of the year, when called upon to give honest opinions as to what they had found worth while in the course and what they wished to see eliminated, the boys voted the highest value to have been found in the biographical sketches of authors.

That is their answer to the question: "Does the author count?" And I believe that we can help them to find out just how much the author counts if we let

THE BOY AND THE BOOK

It seems a natural thing for boys to be interested in good stories and hence in those who write them.

Can boys be led to take an equal interest in poetry? Mr. C. Harlow Raymond, of the famous Lawrenceville School, answers this question with an enthusiastic yes! He tells of the solution which he has found for this problem in a forthcoming Outlook article. It is simple and can be applied by any one who loves poetry.

[1] Published in The Outlook for August 16, 1922.—The Editors.

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them do the choosing, if we let them be haphazard and whimsical in their searches, if we realize that the great thing is not so much to make the acquaintance of certain great authors, but rather to delight in making the acquaintance of any author whom they may be reading.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

BY SIDONIE MATZNER GRUENBERG

Author of "Sons and Daughters," "Your Child To-day and To-morrow," etc.

THERE is an unusually large number of children's books offered this year; and an unusually large proportion of them are worth while. This may make it harder to select just what we want; but it makes more difficult the random selection of a disappointment.

The reaction against fairy tales which appeared some time ago seems to have spent itself, for we have this year more new editions and more new collections of fairy tales than ever before. Especially noteworthy are additions to the legends of various peoples. Instead of rejecting fairy tales entirely, we are learning to select them with more discrimination, and perhaps to tell them without some of the features that the psychologists found objectionable in the tales upon which they were brought up.

We welcomed Mrs. Mitchell's "Here and Now Story Book" last year as a sincere and effective attempt to give the young child stories of reality. We are getting more of that, as well as more of the imaginative and fantastic. After all, the child is entitled to both kinds of literature, and those who select books for children need not decide that one type must be used to the exclusion of the other; the child needs a balanced diet. There is a better selection of biographical and historical books and natural history as well as of fairies. Astronomy is unusually strong, though the other sciences are not well represented; and the interest in wireless is appealed to by a number of good books.

Dr. Dolittle is with us again in a new book, and will be welcomed by his old friends and make many new ones. The most distinctive contributions of the season are probably "The Adventures of Maya the Bee" and Carl Sandburg's "Rootabaga Stories." Books of verse are well represented.

NEW EDITIONS

Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know. By Hamilton W. Mabie.

Myths Every Child Should Know. By Hamilton W. Mabie.

Wonderful Adventures of Nils. By Selma Lagerlöf. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $1.75 each.

Attractive editions. 8–10.

The New World Fairy Book. By Howard Angus Kennedy. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

A new edition of a good collection of Indian tales. Well told. 8–10.

A Visit from St. Nicholas. By Clement C. Moore. The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. $1.

Charming little edition of the old favorite. 8–10.

Adventures of a Brownie and Other Stories. By Miss Mulock. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. $3.

Gift edition of this old favorite, illustrated by Maria Kirk. 8–10.

The Mouse Story Told by an Old Schoolmaster. By K. H. With. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. $1.50.

A delightful mouse story, written in 1905, and now brought out in new dress. 8–10.

East of the Sun and West of the Moon. Illustrated by Kay Nielson. G. H. Doran Co., New York. $3.50.

New edition of Norse legends well made and beautifully illustrated. Out of the general run of fairy stories. 8–12.

Stories by Mrs. Molesworth. Pictures by Edna Cooke. Duffield & Co., New York. $3.50.

New edition of "The Cuckoo Clock" and other old favorites. 8–12.

The Three Musketeers. By Alexandre Dumas. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3.

Beautiful edition with 250 illustrations by Leloir. 12–14 and over.

Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea. By Jules Verne. Rand, McNally & Co., New York. $2.

This unrivaled adventure story added to the "Windemere Series" of attractively made reprints of classics. 12–14 and over.

The Cloister and the Hearth. By Charles Reade. Illustrated in Color by Evelyn Paul. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.50.

The custom of printing fine editions of classical stories with color illustrations grows. If this beautiful edition helps to make Reade's masterpiece known to young people, a literary service will be rendered. 14–15.

Ivanhoe. By Sir Walter Scott. Illustrated in Color by Rowland Wheelwright. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.

A handsome edition of one of the great romances of the world, illustrated in color. It may be that Douglas Fairbanks's popular film of "Robin Hood" will attract new readers to "Ivanhoe," in which Robin Hood plays a brilliant part. 14–15.

Moby Dick, or the White Whale. By Herman Melville. Illustrated by Mead Schaeffer. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.50.

Melville's fame rests largely on this book. Boys for two or three generations have read the tale with appreciation, although it was not originally written for boys. 14–16.

FOR THE YOUNGEST READER

The Children Who Followed the Piper. By Padraic Colum. Illustrated by Dugald Stewart Walker. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.75.

Charming story of the adventures of the children who entered the mountain, where they meet all the fairy-tale folk.

Mother Goose. Rearranged and Edited by Eulalie Osgood Grover. P. F. Volland Co., Chicago. $1.35.

A very handsome edition.

Mother Goose. (Collected.) Henry Altemus & Co., Philadelphia. $2.50.

The regulation Mother Goose rhymes, with many attractive small cuts and some colored plates. Very complete.

All Through the Day the Mother Goose Way. By Jean Broadhurst. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 75c.

Attractive and unique edition of the favorite rhymes for primer purpose.

The Animal Mother Goose. By Harry Whittier Frees. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, Boston. $2.

A nice selection of nursery rhymes, with unusual photographic illustrations of actual animals.

The Boy Who Lived in Pudding Lane. By Sarah Addington. Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. $2.50.

An original story in which the boyhood of Santa Claus is depicted against a background of Mother Goose figures.

Still More Russian Picture Tales. By Valery Carrick. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. $1.25.

A reissue of these exceptional stories.

Puppy Dogs' Tales. Edited by Frances Kent. Macmillan Co., New York. $2.

A good collection of simple stories. Remarkable photographic illustrations.

Doggie Woof and Pussy Meow and Other Friends of the Children. By M. C. Davies. Funk & Wagnalls, New York. $1.50.

Old-fashioned full-page pictures. Appropriate verse.

Bruin: The Adventure of a Little Bear. By M. C. Davies. Funk & Wagnalls, New York. $2.

Large picture book with excellent illustrations and simple stories. Very attractive.

Bobby of Cloverfield Farm. By Helen Fuller Orton. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. $1.

A charming story.

The Little Wise Chicken that Knew It All. By Kenneth Graham Duffield. Henry Altemus & Co., Philadelphia. 50c.

Well told and illustrated attractively from the child's point of view.

Grunty Grunts and Smiley Smile Outdoors. By B. E. Feist. Henry Altemus & Co., Philadelphia. 50c.

Amusing.

Peter Rabbitt and Jack the Jumper. By L. S. Almond. Henry Altemus & Co., Philadelphia. 50c.

A Peter Rabbit adventure with much incident, well told.

A Little Child's Book of Stories. Compiled by Ada M. Skinner and Eleanor L. Skinner. With Pictures by Jessie Willcox Smith. Duffield & Co., New York. $3.50.

To have pictures by Jessie Willcox Smith is a distinction for any children's book. The verses and other brief stories will please children also. 5–10.

FAIRY TALES AND LEGENDS

The Adventures of Maya the Bee. By Waldemar Bonsels. Translated by Adele Szold Seltzer. Thomas Seltzer, New York. $3.

An allegorical story of unusual merit, based on the organization of bee life; told with whimsical charm. Excellent translation. Verses done into English by Arthur Guiterman. 10–14.

The Boy Who Found the King. By Raymond MacDonald Alden. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. $1.75.

An excellent book for young boys and girls. Fairy tales, told with good judgment both as to language and content. Well worth while. 8–13.

The Shadow Witch. By Gertrude Crownfield. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

An extremely imaginative story, suitable only for "unmorbid" children. 10–12.

The Magic Fishbone. By Charles Dickens. F. Warne & Co., New York. $1.50.

A charmingly made book and a delightfully told tale. 7–10.

David the Dreamer. By Ralph Bergengren. Illustrated by Tom Freud. Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. $2.50.

Beautifully illustrated and printed. Text interesting. 7–9.

Tales Told by the Gander. By Maud Radford Warren and Eve Davenport. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York. $2.50.

Familiar material reworked in a rather refreshing way. Well illustrated and well printed. 7–9.

The Grateful Fairy. By T. L. Sappington. Barse & Hopkins, New York. $1.25.

A droll fairy tale. 8–10.

Zodiac Town. By Nancy Byrd Turner. Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. $1.50.

The rhymes and illustrations are both very attractive. 8–10.

Happyland's Fairy Grotto Plays. By Emilie Blackmore Stapp and Eleanor Cameron. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. $1.25.

A sprightly collection of fairy plays for young children. 10–12.

Helga and the White Peacock. By Cornelia Meigs. Macmillan Co., New York. $1.

A fairy play for children. Well suited for production in groups. 8–10.

Robin Hood and His Merry Men. Retold by S. H. Sterling. G. W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. $1.50.

Fine addition to the Washington Square classics. 12–14.

Fairy Tales and Stories. By Hans Christian Andersen. Preface by Francis Hackett. Edited by Signe Toksvig. Macmillan Co., New York. $2.

A lovely edition, characteristic illustrations. Unusually good translation. 8–12.

Fairy Tales from Far and Near. By Katharine Pyle. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

Collection of twelve characteristic tales, representing various nationalities—Hindu, Lithuanian, etc. 8–12.

Korean Fairy Tales. By William Elliot Griffis. T. Y. Crowell Co., New York. $1.60.

Very acceptable addition to the Dutch, Belgian, and other fairy tales. 8–12.

The Islands of Magic. By Elsie S. Eells. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $1.75.

Legends, folk and fairy tales from the Azores. 8–12.

(Continued on page 489)

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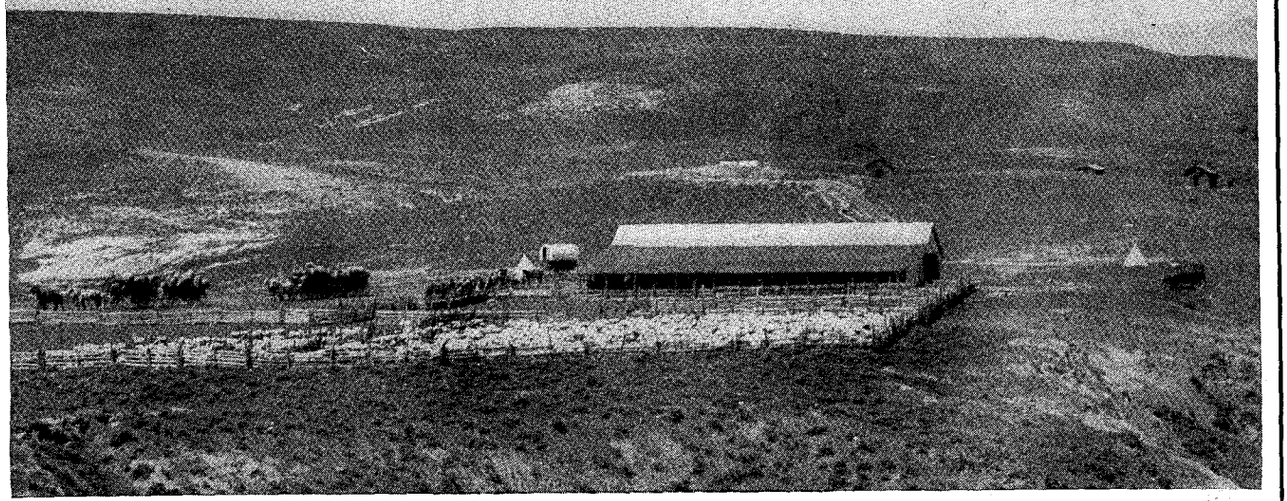
FACTS AND FICTION ABOUT WOOL AND CLOTHES



In the Western States, sheep are brought once a year to the shearing sheds where the fleeces are removed, packed in 300-pound sacks, and started on their long journey by wagon and railroad to the Eastern mill

THE question of our wool supply is one of the least understood, and at the same time one of most vital concern to American industry and welfare.

For clothing and household uses where warmth is a consideration there is no substitute for wool. Other fibers, including reworked wools (shoddy), have been utilized to the limit of economy and serviceability, and yet the United States needs annually to import about 300,000,000 pounds of grease wool—slightly more than the domestic production reported for recent years. These imports come chiefly from the Southern Hemisphere—Australasia, South America, and South Africa. Coarser wools from more primitive types of sheep come from China, India, and South America for use in the making of carpets.

A MILITARY NECESSITY

From a military standpoint, there is no other indispensable material for which the United States is so largely dependent upon foreign countries. In 1917 and 1918 it was our good fortune to have access to the British-controlled supply in the countries having a surplus of wools suitable for clothing. Only the South American supply of wool was available to those nations that could transport it. Writing in 1916, Professor Paul T, Cherington, of Harvard University, said:

> The present situation makes more conspicuous than ever before the military strategic value of an American wool-growing industry. It emphasizes the desirability from a military standpoint of independence for the United States in its manufacture of woolens and worsteds.

The following statement was made recently by Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, in a speech delivered in the United States Senate:

> An increase in the raising of sheep in the United States is well worth all the money the people will ever spend upon those interests to make us, in peace or war, in sunshine or in storm, always independent, so that under any pressure which may come we shall always be able to clothe our own people.

NATIONAL POLICY ON WOOL SUPPLY

Desirability of independence of foreign-made fabrics and the increase of home manufacturing of woolen goods has been recognized continuously since 1789 by the placing of import duties upon materials manufactured from wool. At no time since that year have woolen goods been admitted to the United States without payment of duty.

Consideration of both civilian and military needs emphasized by Civil War experiences caused President Lincoln's Administration to put into effect a policy of levying an import duty upon wools for the purpose of according to the home producers the benefit of preference in home markets, and thereby developing a larger wool-growing industry. American wool production as compared with National requirements at that time was an infant industry. It has not expanded as was hoped for, although the production in 1919 was about twice that of 1867. The main hindrance to a continued expansion of domestic wool-growing has been the great uncertainty attached to the business as a result of changes in tariff laws and frequent extreme depression of prices.

The act of 1867 prescribed a new basis of wool duties. In the succeeding fifty-four years there have been nine changes of rates, and two of these changes entirely removed the duty for a total of eleven years. At each of fourteen National elections in that period the question of the wool tariff was under debate and extreme uncertainty created as to the National policy, and therefore to safety of production.

The longest continued period of protection was from 1897 to 1913, though during that period complete removal of the duty was seriously threatened at three different times. During that period also the industrial development in the United States caused a strong agricultural trend toward the production of foodstuffs for an increasing population. The cheaply grown wools of frontier areas in the Southern Hemisphere could be secured, duty paid, at values not then attractive to most American farmers.

Prior to 1914 it was becoming apparent that wool-growing had reached the limit of expansion in frontier parts. If supplies were to continue or to increase, it must be through expansion of sheep-raising under the more intensified agricultural methods of older farming sections. The war demand and the difficulties of foreign transportation acted to replace the effect of the wool duty that had been removed in 1913. Production was rapidly increasing in 1918 and 1919. The collapse of 1920 brought foreign wools into our markets under a virtual bounty arising from the superior value of dollar exchange. American producers were not only discouraged, but in many instances bankrupt. Our future supply is more largely than ever dependent upon the establishment of new flocks, which can be brought about only under fairly stable conditions.

THE TARIFF OF 1922

Fair rates of duty upon imported wools have been established by the

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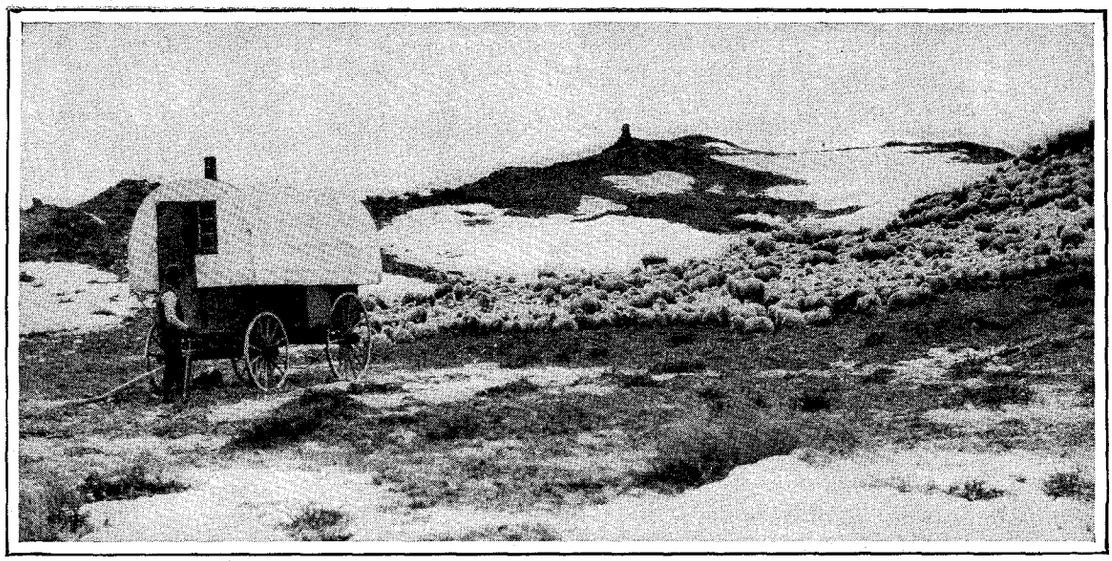

The bands of range sheep in the West, unlike the farm flocks, remain in the open all of the year. The shepherd's home is in the wagon that follows the band from place to place over the vast area of land from which the only returns obtainable are the wool and lambs from the traveling bands

Sixty-seventh Congress. The President, through the Tariff Commission, may raise or lower such rates by fifty per cent, according to the occurrence of changes in the relation of home-production costs to those found to obtain in exporting countries.

The Fordney-McCumber Act provides that duties shall be collected only on the "scoured content," or actual weight of wool in condition for manufacture. Former duties were levied upon grease weights, which included from twenty to seventy-five per cent of dirt and oil in the fleeces as they were removed from the sheep and received at ports of entry. The duty in effect prior to 1913 provided that 33 cents per pound should be paid upon wool imported in the clean or scoured condition. The rates set for wools not scoured allowed imports to enter at less than the equivalent of 33 cents. The new law requires that all duties shall be collected upon the basis of scoured wool and at the rate of 31 cents per pound.

These fair and impartial provisions of the wool duty form a part of the enlightened new policy expressed by the Congress just adjourned toward the agricultural industry, giving the rural citizenship the same consideration in commercial policies as was previously accorded only to the manufacturing industries.

FICTION ABOUT CLOTHING COSTS

Prior to the passage of the recent legislation members of some branches of the clothing industry widely advertised the statement that the wool duties as proposed in the Senate bill would increase the cost of men's clothes by as much as $4 per suit.

The absurdity of such a statement and the unfairness and insincerity associated with its circulation are readily revealed by the facts. Unfortunately, these facts could not be adequately presented or circulated by the poorly organized growers of wool.

These opponents of a National policy of insuring home producers an equal opportunity in home markets have represented that 33 cents paid at the customs on a pound of scoured wool amounts to 101.4 cents to be paid by the ultimate consumer. It was claimed that the rates of profits secured by wool dealers, spinners, weavers, manufacturing clothiers, and retailers, as calculated upon costs, are, respectively, 10 per cent, 15 per cent, 17½ per cent, 22½ per cent, and 33⅓ per cent.

The true effect of such a tariff was set forth by a competent and impartial publication, "The Manufacturer," in the issue of July 25. "The Manufacturer" stated that the only increase above 33 cents (the final rate was set at 31 cents) that legitimately could be added to the consumer's price was the extra amount required for interest on an additional 33 cents from the time a pound of wool entered the cloth mill until it was sold by the retailer, plus an allowance for increased cost of insurance arising from the addition of 33 cents to the original cost of a pound of material. "The Manufacturer" allows 3½ yards of cloth for an average suit and 14 ounces as the weight of a yard of goods for winter wear. On this basis, it is shown that the maximum additional cost of a suit resulting from a 33-cent wool duty is not $4, but $1.62. (With the lower rate of duty now in effect, the figure would be $1.52.)

The advertising opponents of the wool tariff, according to their own data, would have used a possible increased cost of $1.62 as a means of exacting an extra profit of $2.38. Commenting upon this revelation of a plan to utilize the wool duty as a pretext for increasing profits, "The Manufacturer" said:

> If clothing manufacturers and retailers can make these increased costs of respectively $1.14, $1.62, and $2.78 the basis for increasing prices, not by those sums, but by $4 for suits and $7.50 for overcoats, the difference being clear profit over and above present profits, the public should be so informed. But in justice to the wool growers and the wool manufacturers, the public should not be permitted to be misled into the belief that such arbitrary price increases are attributable to the raw wool duty.

In considering clothing costs as affected by wool values, the following important facts should be kept in mind: (1) The average amount of cloth used in making a man's suit is 3½ yards. (2) One and one-half pounds of wool is used in making a pound of cloth of the best quality. (3) Using cloth weighing 14 ounces to the yard, the total requirement of scoured wool for a man's suit is 4.4 pounds. (4) For a lighter suit of 10 ounces per yard, 3.3 pounds of scoured wool are needed. The average price of all clothing wools quoted for the Boston market of October 21, 1922, was $1.076 cents per scoured pound (duty paid). The present average value of wool in a man's suit is therefore $4.14. Wools used in making carpets are exempt from duty.

The real effect of the duties upon raw wool as prescribed by the Fordney-McCumber Law should be to reduce, and not to raise, the prices charged the consumer for woolen goods. The Emergency Tariff Act that was in effect from May 27, 1921, until September 22, 1922, set much higher duties upon wool than are now in effect under the provisions of the new act. Wool can now be imported under duties considerably lower than were collected for sixteen months prior to September 22. So far as raw wool duties are to be considered as a factor in costs of clothing, the only result that can come through enforcement of the act that became effective on September 22, 1922, is a lowering of clothing prices.

NATIONAL WOOL GROWERS ASSOCIATION, Salt Lake City, Utah

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THE BOOK TABLE

(Continued from page 486)

FAIRY TALES AND LEGENDS

A Treasury of Eskimo Tales. By Clara K. Bayliss. T. Y. Crowell Co., New York. 75c.
Very nice selection. 8–10.

Mighty Mikko: Finnish Folk and Fairy Tales. By Parker Fillmore. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.25.
An unusual collection of folk literature from Finland. Characteristic illustrations. 8–12.

Taytay Tales. Collected and Retold by Elizabeth W. De Huff. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.
Folk tales of the Pueblo Indians. 10–12.

Wonder Tales from Tibet. By Eleanore Myers Jewett. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.
Folk-lore of Tibet, well arranged and interestingly told. 8–10.

STORIES, TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

The Voyage of Doctor Dolittle. By Hugh Lofting. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. $2.50.
The delightful Doctor Dolittle appeals again and will be welcomed by his many friends, young and old. 8–12.

Ig, Son of Fire. By Irving Crump. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.
A well-told tale of primitive man. 12–14 and over.

Tootabaga Stories. By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.
Fine imaginative stories in characteristic American settings. 8–12.

Verotchka's Tales. By Mamin Siberiak. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.
Charming, friendly tales of old Russia with humorous, characteristic illustrations. 8–10.

He Who Steals. By Alfreda Baiocco. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.
Interesting story, told with simplicity and vigor. Gives insight into Italian conditions. 10–12.

Twin Travelers in India. By Mary H. Wade. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. $1.75.
Travels of an American boy and girl in India. 10–12.

The Hill of Adventure. By Adair Aldon. Century Co., New York. $1.75.
A wholesome out-of-doors story with much action. Decidedly superior to the usual "girl" story. 12–14.

Phantom Gold. By Kenneth Payson Kempton. Century Co., New York. $1.75.
Good story of adventure, well told. 12–14.

The Woods Rider. By Frank Lillie Pollock. Century Co., New York. $1.75.
An outdoor adventure story. Above the average. 12–14.

The Trail of the Spanish Horse. By James Williard Schultz. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. $1.75.
An interesting frontier story, full of adventure and thrilling episodes. 10–14.

Renfrew of the Royal Mounted. By Laurie Y. Erskine. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.75.
Adventurous, exciting story that boys would like. 12–14.

Weird Islands. By Jean de Bosschère. R. M. McBride & Co., New York. $3.
A fanciful and amusing tale of adventure, with interesting pictures. 10–12.

Blackbeard Buccaneer. By Ralph D. Paine. Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. $2.50.
A pirate story vividly told. Fine illustrations by Frank E. Schoonover. Boys 12–14.

The House of Five Swords. By Tristram Tupper. G. H. Doran Co., New York. $2.
A romantic, fascinating story. Well written. Over 14.

Dusty Star. By Olaf Baker. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.
The author of "Shasta of the Wolves" has made another real contribution in this stirring, well-written story of an Indian boy and his wolf cub and their many adventures. 10–14.

Little Maid of Virginia. By Alice Turner Curtis. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. $1.50.
A nice addition to this author's historical tales. 8–10.

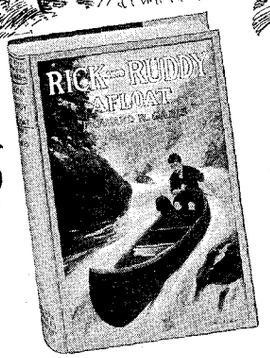
The Hop Pickers. By Flavia Camp Canfield. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $1.50.
A story of girl life in the Sixties. Girls 12–14.

Princeton Boy in the Revolution. By Paul G. Tomlinson. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.75.
Would hold the interest of the 12–14 year old, and might develop further research into the history of the period.

The Rich Little Poor Boy. By Eleanor Gates. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.
Story of an eleven-year-old boy who, in spite his sordid surroundings in a New York slum, finds content and success. 12–16.

David Ives: A Story of St. Timothy's. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston. $1.75.
An excellent boarding-school story. Boys 13–14 and over.

(Continued on page 490)



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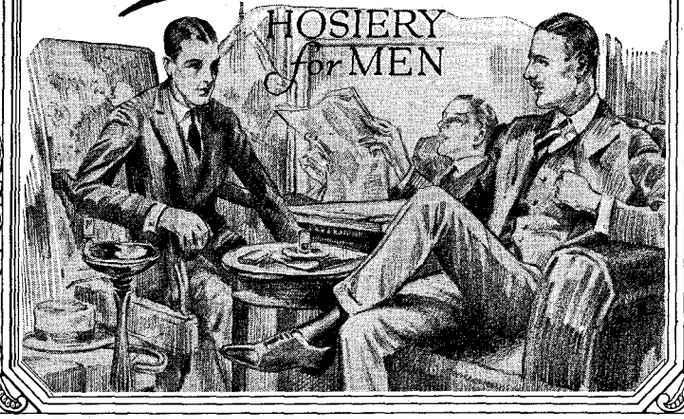

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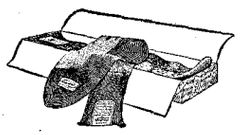

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Solario the Tailor. By William Bowen. Macmillan Co., New York. $2.

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Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard. By Eleanor Farjeon. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. $2.50.

A highly imaginative, beautiful story. 10–12.

The Joyous Guests. By Maud Lindsay and Emilie Poulsson. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. $2.50.

A collection of Christmas stories. Beautiful volume. 8–12.

The Fairy Doll. By Netta Syrett. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.25.

Five attractive little playlets. 8–10.

Memoirs of a London Doll. Edited by Mrs. Fairstar. Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.

Reprint of an interesting little book which first appeared in 1852. Quaint and charming. Girls 6–8.

Lige Mounts: Free Trapper. By Frank Blinderman. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

An exciting cowboy story. Boys 14 and over.

The Story of Don Quixote. Illustrated by Florence Choate and Elizabeth Curtis. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. $3.

This is still another large-page classic with color pictures. It is arranged and retold to suit the reading of boys and girls. 13–15.

Including Mother. By Margaret Ashmun. Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.

A story of a family in a Middle Western town, with a few human experiences valuable for growing girls. 13–15.

The Black Wolf Pack. By Dan Beard. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.65.

Boys always like Dan Beard's stories. This tells of a boy's search for his father and his own adventures on the frontier. 12–14.

NATURE AND SCIENCE

Bannertail: The Story of a Gray Squirrel. By Ernest Thompson Seton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

A welcome addition to Mr. Seton's exceptional books. 10–12.

Beyond Rope and Fence. By David Grew. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

A sympathetic story of a horse; would appeal to children's love for animals. 12–14.

Bird Stories. By Edith M. Patch. Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. $1.25.

Attractive stories for the children interested in birds. 10–12.

Garden Adventures of Tommy Tittlemouse. By Clara Ingram Judson. Rand, McNally & Co., New York. 75c.

Charming animal story. 6–8.

Hunters of the Great North. By Vilhjalmur Stefansson. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.50.

Details of this explorer's first trip into the Arctic. 10–14.

Kari, the Elephant. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

Story of the growth and adventures of an elephant from the time he was six months old. Singularly successful in conveying the sense of the wide shadow-haunted places. 8–12.

Many Trails. By H. Mortimer Batten. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.

Sympathetic stories about wild animals and domestic pets. 10–12.

The Pussycat Princess. By Edward Anthony. Century Co., New York. $2.50.

Photographs of cats delightful. Rather mediocre text. 8–10.

Letters of a Radio Engineer to His Son. By John Mills. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.

A very interesting presentation. Profusely illustrated. 12–16.

Radio: The Book of Wireless Telegraph and Telephone. By A. Frederick Collins. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

Simple, practical, interesting, helpful. Fully illustrated. 10–14.

Radio for Everybody. By Austin C. Lescarboura. Munn & Co., New York. $1.50.

A convenient and authoritative manual for boys and girls at every stage of interest in the subject. 10–14 and over.

The Star People. By Gaylord Johnson. Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.

An interesting and ingenious introduction to the stars and planets, with stories, anecdotes verses, and helpful illustrations. Particularly good for young children. 8–14.

The Sky Movies. By Gaylord Johnson. Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.

Further lessons in astronomy for young people interestingly told in stories and pictures. 8–14.

Secrets of the Stars. By Inez N. McFee Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York. $1.60.

A good introduction for young boys and girls Told in simple, straightforward English, easy to grasp, and most interesting. 10–14.

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THE BOOK TABLE (*Continued*)

NATURE AND SCIENCE

The Boy's Book of Physics. By Charles Ramsay Clarke and Sidney A. Small. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

Although approaching a text-book in its systematic arrangement, this will appeal to boys already interested in the subject, being full of suggestions for experiments and demonstrations, and profusely illustrated. 12–14 and over.

Astronomy for Young Folks. By Isabel M. Lewis. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.75.

Good introduction; arranged for a study of the constellations month by month. 10–14.

Wonders of Chemistry. By A. Frederick Collins. T. Y. Crowell Co., New York. $1.60.

Well designed to develop an interest in chemistry and full of interesting and authentic information about modern achievements as well as of some important principles of the subject. 12–14 and over.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Buried Cities. By Jennie Hall. Macmillan Co., New York. $2.

Vivid account of the cities that once were—Pompeii, Olympia, Mycenæ, etc. Profusely illustrated. 8–12.

Children of Ancient Rome. By L. Lamprey. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.

Interesting historical tales. 10–14.

With La Salle, the Explorer. By Virginia Watson. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $3.50.

A beautiful gift book. Fine illustrations. 10–14.

The Coming of the Peoples. Vol. III—Romance History of America. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. G. H. Doran & Co., New York. $1.50.

The story of the founding of America interestingly told. 12–14.

Days of the Colonists. By L. Lamprey. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. $2.50.

Great events in the early days of our history vividly described. 12–14.

The Flower of Fortune. By Emilie B. Knipe and Alden A. Knipe. Century Co., New York. $1.75.

An interesting historical tale of the Dutch-English days of old New York. Effectively recreates the old atmosphere. 10–12.

Pirates. By C. Lovat Fraser. R. M. McBride & Co., New York. $2.50.

Historical account of famous pirates. Interesting. Over 14.

Real Americans. By Mary H. Wade. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.65.

Well told and interesting in their appeal. 10–14.

Heroes of Liberty. By Grace Humphrey. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. $1.50.

Brief biographical sketches of heroes of various countries. 8–12.

A Book of Boyhoods. By Eugenie M. Fryer. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

Well-chosen biographies, including such men as Chaucer, Raleigh, Stevenson, Joffre, Roosevelt, etc. Suitable for the discriminating young reader. 12–14.

Heroes of Progress. By Eva March Tappan. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. $1.25.

Short sketches of twenty-nine modern and older benefactors of the race, such as Clara Barton, Audubon, Booker Washington, Alexander Graham Bell, etc. 10–12.

George Washington. By Joseph Walden. Barse & Hopkins, New York. $1.

A human, interesting biography. 12–14.

The Boyhood of Abraham Lincoln. By J. Rogers Gore. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. $2.

The incidents and adventures were told by his playmate, Austin Gollaher.

VERSE

Down-Adown-Derry: A Book of Fairy Poems. By Walter de La Mare. Illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $3.

A book for imaginative, discriminating children. 8–10.

Sing a Song of Sleepy Head. By James W. Foley. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

A collection of rhymes and a play. Humorous, full of charm. 8–10.

Rainbow Gold: Poems Old and New. Selected for Boys and Girls by Sara Teasdale. Macmillan Co., New York. $2.

An excellent collection. Attractive volume with fine illustrations by Dugald Walker. 10–12.

Fairy Bread. By Laura Benét. Thomas Seltzer, New York. $1.

Simple, charming poems for the discriminating child. 12–14 and over.

The Way of Poetry: An Anthology for Young People. By John Drinkwater. Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston. $2.

Very comprehensive in range; discriminating selection. Good reference book. 8–14 and over.

The Girl's Book of Verse: A Treasury of Old and New Poems. By Mary Gould Davis. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. $2.

A very comprehensive collection, with special regard for girls' interests. 13–16.

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Dental science has been seeking ways to better tooth protection.

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Dental research found the causes, then evolved five new ways to correct them.

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Old ways of brushing left much of that film intact, to cloud the teeth and night and day threaten serious damage.

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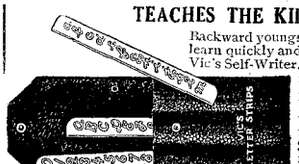

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BY THE WAY

"A THOUSAND people killed by vehicles in the streets of New York in a year!" a subscriber exclaims. "The remedy is simple. Let every driver of a vehicle—street car, truck, or automobile—be compelled to slow down to three miles an hour at *every* near crossing and keep that speed till he passes the far crossing of *every* street, no matter what the traffic conditions—and the thing is half done. Let pedestrians strictly avoid jay-walking—and it is complete. As it is now, automobiles whizz across every side street at any speed they please, whether people are crossing or not. Let a few offenders, of either class, auto-drivers or walkers, get jail sentences for violating these provisions—and you will have a great diminution of accidents." Cops who have the job of keeping the traffic moving might not wholly approve of this three-mile idea.

"When it comes to the corruptions of a baseball umpire," says Uncle Henry in "Colliers," "there's where the splendid rage of an oppressed people breaks forth. I've seen the air so full of pop bottles that they looked like a glass roof. Lots of people think baseball an easy game, but I don't know of anything that's got a more subtle technique. Unless you catch the bottle by the neck, an' put a quick wrist snap into the throw, it won't go any distance at all. . . . I don't know any other sport where 50,000 can take part, an' a leadin' part at that:

"'Why didn'cha make 'im bunt? You're a *swell* manager, yes, you are!'

"'Pass 'im, stoopid! Pass 'im!'

"'Take 'im out! Take 'im *out!*'

"'Why didn't ya throw it to *first*, ya big busher!'

"'Oh, you big false alarm! Who ever said *you* could play ball?'"

Overheard in the subway—First Salvation Army lass to second ditto—"I'm at the Army school now; I'm reading Deuteronomy—it's lovely!"

Bernard Shaw pays a high compliment to the pronunciation of a famous English actor, but in the next breath slams the average actor unmercifully in characteristic Shavian fashion. Taking Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson's pronunciation as an ideal, Mr. Shaw said at a recent lecture: "His pronunciation goes all over the world unchallenged—even in America. I would suggest that a phonograph record be made with these words attached: 'This is the way Forbes-Robertson speaks. Speak the same way and your social position will never be challenged.'"

Mr. Shaw followed up this compliment by complaining of the great difficulty of getting actors to speak as he wanted them to speak, and said it should be possible for an author to write a scrip in English that conveys to the actor as much as a scrip by Wagner conveys to a musician. "I do not want actors and actresses to understand my plays," Mr.

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BY THE WAY
(*Continued*)

Shaw continued. "That is not necessary. If they will only pronounce the correct sounds I can guarantee the result."

We call to the attention of Government engineers a suggestion which came to us in a recent letter:

"If it is true that all typhoons originate at the Island of Yap in the manner described by Commander McIntosh in your issue of September 27, it ought to be a simple matter to banish this particular form of destruction from the Orient. A system of powerful fans, sufficient to keep the air over the island in constant motion during such periods as would ordinarily breed typhoons, should do the trick; or a system of pumps and nozzles arranged to keep the air cool by spraying sea water over the whole island. It would seem to be up to the Government of Japan to attempt such an experiment, and to the other maritime nations to help bear the cost. If successful, the installation should more than pay for itself in a single season."

Why do our English friends keep to the left while driving, and keep to the right while walking? The anomaly has apparently attracted their attention, and the authorities seem to be trying to make the "rule of the road" uniform. A correspondent of the London "Sphere" thus upholds the old custom:

"The new order, 'Walk to the Left,' which for some time has decorated the London sidewalks, is contrary to custom. As far as I can see, the tendency to walk on the right is general, and it is probably based firmly upon the necessary customs of a troubled past. In rough times, when strangers encountered on the road, they were wary. Each kept to the right, keeping his left arm with its shield toward the actual or possible enemy, while his right arm was free to swing sword or hurl spear. That, I believe, is the simple explanation of why foot passengers bear to the right, and why the new rule is generally disregarded."

It is related that the director of a certain famous museum was once showing a distinguished woman some of the priceless treasures of which he is the custodian. For a long time, however, it seemed that nothing interested her very much. Then suddenly the director noticed a change in her; her face lighted up and she leaned forward.

"What is it, madam?" asked the director, gratified at this tardy sign of awakening appreciation. "Do not hesitate to ask if there is anything you would like to know."

"That is awfully good of you!" exclaimed the woman. "I wish you would tell me what brand of polish you use on those iron ventilators that are let into the floor. We have the same sort of thing in my house, but my servants never get them to shine half so brilliantly."

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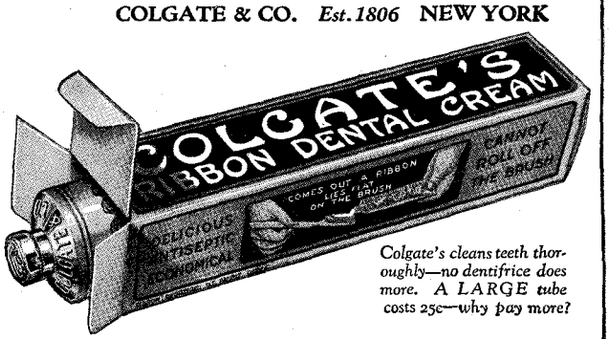
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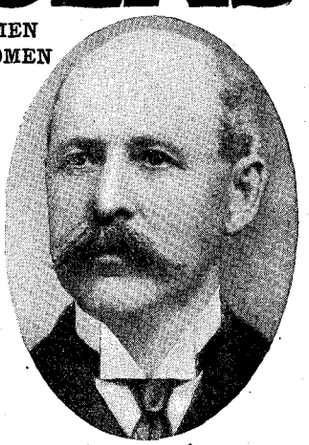

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

RAYMOND RECOULY is one of the most distinguished publicists of France. As foreign editor of "Figaro" and "Le Temps," the latter being recognized as an authoritative channel for the report and interpretation of Governmental policies, he writes of French foreign affairs with special knowledge and understanding.

FRANK DILNOT is a British editor and student of social and economic conditions in England, the author of "The Old Order Changeth," "Lloyd George, the Man and his Story," and "The New America." He began as a newspaper reporter in London, and during his journalistic career has been associated with the "Central News," the "Daily Citizen," and the "Daily Mail." For the latter paper he visited the United States, Canada, France, and Russia, and for the "Daily Chronicle" he went to Scandinavia to investigate social and economic conditions. He has been correspondent for the "Chronicle" in New York and President of the Association of Foreign Correspondents. He was editor of the London "Globe" in 1919.

THE week of November 13 being Children's Book Week, we are devoting our "Book Table" section almost entirely to the younger generation. Sidonie Matzner Gruenberg, writer, lecturer, and authority on children's literary and educational problems, briefly reviews a long list of this year's offerings to children. Mr. Hubert V. Coryell, the head of the Junior Department at the Browne and Nichols School, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, contributes a sequel to his article "What Books Do Boys Recommend to Each Other?" which attracted such widespread attention. His first article told the story of how he led his boys to read good books; the present article goes to show that boys are interested not only in the story, but in the man that writes the story.

ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT, the author of "The Festal Day—So Called," is at present on the staff of the "Literary Digest." He has been ordained in the Congregational ministry and held pastorates in Helena, Montana, and in Leverett, Massachusetts. He has traveled extensively all over America in search of magazine material, and has been on the staffs of the Boston "Transcript" and the Chicago "Tribune." He has studied art in Paris.

WANTED—CARTOONS

THE OUTLOOK wants to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspapers. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. We pay one dollar ($1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost the dollar bills to which they were entitled because they have failed to give the information which we require.

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